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The New REPUBLIC

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The Week

WHETHER the hundreds of spectators of the comedy produced by the Senate Committee which conducted the inquisition into Assistant-Secretary Tugwell were well repaid for their time seems to us dubious. The inquisitors could not understand the witness; the witness could not understand the inquisitors. There were none of the sparks that fly when a mind of flint meets a mind of steel. Senators Smith of North Carolina and Byrd of Virginia were obviously proceeding on the following absurd assumptions: (1) that what fits a man to solve the complex economic problems of modern civilization is mud on the boots acquired while plowing; (2) that an avowed advocate of Communism and violent revolution would be appointed by President Roosevelt to high administrative position and would accept the job if appointed. Mr. Tugwell's success- on his boots, and that he believed in peaceful change under the Constitution. What it all has to do with his competence to be Under-Secretary of Agriculture, or with the effectiveness of the agricultural program, we fail to see. The opposition Senators reminded us of nothing so much as a tribunal of zealous Marxists trying a comrade suspected of deviations. Messrs. Smith and Byrd want to be sure that there is nobody in the government who holds opinions not strictly in line with capitalist orthodoxy. They apparently haven't the least interest in what happens to American farmers.

THE Reichsbank's suspension of commercial payments in excess of 50 marks ($19.38) per month per person to foreign countries has created a grave situation in financial affairs on the Continent. It practically wipes out German import and export trade, for no commercial transaction can be concluded on such a basis. Repudiation of interest due on the Dawes and Young Plan loans will be the next important step, although a few weeks ago Dr. Hjalmar Schacht of the Reichsbank was certain of his country's ability to pay. It is unlikely under these conditions that the six months' moratorium agreed upon at the creditors' conference in Berlin will receive the sanction of America and the other nations. But the question is not merely one of finances. Germany's rigid limitation of imports and her drastic curbs on buying at home, to prevent a general run on goods made from foreign raw materials, have produced a situation resembling wartime conditions. The embargo has been extended to a large number of heretofore exempt raw materials such as wool, copper, rubber and various ores, which, together with processed goods—metals, cotton, leather, etc. —have been subjected to strict government control and regulation.

BY COSTLY experiments in domestic production it may for a time be possible to conceal the destruction of home industry that will follow the curtailment of raw-material imports. Germany has sizable ore reserves that were left untouched or were abandoned because they yielded no profits, but their renewed exploitation will require enormous capital investments. Devaluation of the mark to approxi-

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ment of the gold standard are more than probable, although Dr. Schacht sees disastrous consequences in any change of the present monetary policy. With such desperate measures it will be possible to conceal the gathering clouds a few months longer. But no makeshift scheme will alter the fundamental truth that Germany cannot produce sufficient metal, textile fiber, fuel and fuel oil by costly *ersatz* methods without accelerating the destruction of her entire economic fabric.

THE first personal meeting between Hitler and Mussolini, which is announced as we go to press, may be decisive for the fate of Austria. Il Tevere, one of Rome's influential newspapers, is of the opinion that "the Italian Premier and the German Chancellor will have to come to some mutually satisfactory arrangement in the Austrian question if the conference is to establish a bond of good will between the two nations." Those who have read the news that came from Vienna last week know that matters are fast approaching a crisis there. The German National Socialists have taken up their campaign of terror with renewed vigor. The official Dollfuss organ, the Reichspost, counted no less than seventy-four serious bomb explosions and fifty-nine incendiary fires in the first ten days of June, all of which are directly traceable to the National Socialists. Four were killed and eighty-nine seriously wounded in connection with these outrages. Italy and Germany represent fundamentally conflicting economic interests in the Austrian Republic, conflicting interests that cannot be overcome merely by friendly conversations. Italy is certain that the Duce will insist on Austria's independence, that the new outburst of Nazi fury has made him more than ever unyielding on this question. It must not be forgotten that Hitler has twice made promises to Mussolini about Austrian affairs; and has failed to keep either. Mussolini, who has previously evaded a meeting with the German Chancellor, evidently believes that recent events at home will have put that gentleman into a more receptive mood. But on the Austrian question there can be no compromise. For both countries the way to the Balkans lies over the Christian Social Republic, and neither Hitler nor Mussolini can afford to make concessions there. The fight will ultimately end with the ignominious defeat of the Dollfuss regime unless the Powers of Europe put a twelve-hour stop to Hitler's campaign of terror there.

ONE consequence of the Scottsboro case is the growing animosity in the South against "outside" attorneys. In Alabama the movement has come out in the open. Bibbs Graves, campaigning for Governor, is supporting the attempt to write into the statutes of Alabama a provision to prevent outside attorneys from intervening—prevent them, in the significant local phrase, from "embarrassing our courts." Over in Georgia a move is on foot to [illegible] with the crime of "inciting to insurrection" as soon as they appear in a case. The crime would be difficult to prove, but the charge might go a long way to embarrass a legal defense of someone else. At the same time the County Solicitor of Atlanta is trying to bar The Daily Worker, The New Masses and The Labor Defender from the city's newsstands. The attempted disbarment of Ades in Maryland, the raiding of the I.L.D. headquarters throughout the industrial parts of the South, are all parts of this same fight, one that shows little likelihood of being dropped by either side.

THE Wagner-Costigan anti-lynching bill should be restored to its former vigor. It has been reported out of the Senate Judiciary Committee with its language delicately changed so that its penalties —federal prosecution of lynchers and delinquent police officers, and fines on counties in which lynchings occur—could be invoked only where the man lynched was taken from the custody of "peace officers," police, sheriffs and so forth. The effect this change would have is evident from the statistics. From 1918 to 1934, out of a total of 559 lynchings, in only 251 cases were the victims taken from the custody of "peace officers." In fact the probable result of passage of the bill in its present form would be simply a slight change in the technique of lynchings. It would simply become the custom to delay arresting a man. The argument in favor of the change is that unless lynching is defined as taking a prisoner from official custody it becomes difficult to distinguish it from murder, and that therefore innocent counties might be fined for crimes of which the community was not guilty. This is an argument without validity. Federal law is not a far-away tyranny. To enforce the anti-lynching penalties will still require the votes of local juries. They will, thankfully, come from some other section than the county in which the lynching occurred, but they will not be "furriners." They will find no trouble in knowing the difference between murder and lynching.

WHITE-COLLAR people are learning about the labor struggle. On Saturday and Sunday, May 26 and 27, some of them came with the Committee of One Hundred, a united-front organization of professional and clerical people, to protest unsatisfactory relief conditions to Commissioner Howe in New York City. When a delegation tried to enter Howe's office (without an appointment; he refused to give them one) the police attacked. Some exchange of slugging followed and a few rioters were arrested, beaten at the police station and brought to Tombs Court the next day. Their sympathizers appeared in court likewise, but after voicing a few verbal protests at the size of the bail set for Saturday's prisoners they were ordered out into the street. Here the police lost their heads; they injuriously chose this moment with photographers

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men and women. In particular they inflicted a savage and unprovoked beating on Rose and James Lechay, and then arrested them on a charge of calling the police "vile names." Even Police Captain Daniel Aherne when he saw his men going berserk and attacking reporters shouted out, "For God's sake, men, use your heads." A few days later Mayor LaGuardia gave his official approval to the police, displayed his bleeding heart for the unemployed, and accused the Committee of selfish motives: "You really want people to starve to help your own ends. All you are interested in is getting money for yourselves." Commissioner Howe's defense was equally old stuff—that the Committee were Communists. Someday someone ought to think up a few new gag lines for this sort of thing.

BACK of this situation, according to the charges of the Committee, lies a systematic and unannounced attempt to reduce relief expenditures by almost any means that will not attract too much attention. The Committee says that May rent payments of many relief recipients were skipped and they were therefore promptly evicted. It says that where any relief recipient is found to be receiving income from any source, even as little as $5 a week, all his relief is automatically cut off. In the face of a continuously mounting file of new applicants for relief, the city, it is charged, is planning to drop at least 20,000 from the present rolls. How much of the same situation exists all over the country no one seems to know. Probably it is much the same everywhere; there is no secret that Washington is worried about the evergrowing size of the relief expenditures and would like to cut them down.

IN San Francisco's Chinatown, in spite of N.R.A. codes, sweatshops employing at least 2,500 machines are turning out practically all the cheap blouses and skirts, and many of the dresses, overalls and cotton undergarments, on sale as bargains in the city's department-store basements. Whole families are working night and day, at wages below even Oriental subsistence standards and under deplorable conditions. The N.R.A. administration in San Francisco is well aware of this situation, but it claims its hands are tied. The cumbrous mechanism of the N.R.A. makes this more or less true. For the board to act, there must first be a definite complaint as to hours or wages from a worker (very difficult to obtain, between natural Chinese secretiveness and the wholesome fear of losing a family's entire maintenance). Then this must be checked up, and a warning given; after a sufficient period another investigation must be made, and if conditions are unchanged, the office of the United States District Attorney can be notified, and a $500 fine and six months' imprisonment can be ordered.

THERE is small likelihood that in any case such a routine will be carried through to the only effective end. Unionization, on the other hand, is almost impossible, though both the International Ladies' Garment Workers and the Needle Trades Industrial Union (Communist) have made efforts to organize the shops. The three or four-tier contract system in use offers enormous potentialities of exploitation and peonage. Shops have been found open and working as late as nine o'clock at night; Rose Pesotta, organizer for the I.L.G.W.U., found workers asleep on the tables, while others labored, late at night. Women bring their children to the factory with them, and some at least of these children certainly sew on buttons and do other work. In the home sweatshops, workers for the County Welfare Board found filthy and insanitary conditions. In many shops the workers have to pay for the use of power. Their scanty meals, paid for out of their wages, must be eaten on the premises. Some shops are in subcellars, without fresh air or daylight. The employers insist they are paying code wages, though that is manifestly untrue. The only remedies appear to be intensive organization and boycott of sweatshop-made "bargains" by enlightened consumers.

THE employees of the Macaulay Publishing Company have just set something like a precedent to the book industry by declaring a strike, and something even more like a precedent to industry in general by winning it. Weeks ago the Macaulay staff got together and petitioned, among other things, for the right to a week's dismissal notice, permission to use the electric fans in summer without special grant, permission to have enough light to work by. The requests were largely complied with, but presently one of those who helped to bring about this move for a Better Office was sacked for reasons not very interesting to the staff. The staff demanded reinstatement for this union organizer, and in addition the right to membership in the Office Workers' Union. These demands were not found very interesting by the company, which stood fast. When its staff walked out on Monday and proceeded to picket, the company threatened to restaff completely. Then it weakened, promised that if strikers were back in their places on Wednesday morning, all would be forgotten, including the strikers' demands. The strikers came on Wednesday morning, but they came to picket. They were joined by sympathetic writers. They were observed by the police, who came in large numbers, blocked the sidewalk, and arrested nineteen strikers and writers for blocking the sidewalk. In court the case was eventually dismissed, but did not escape the notice of the newspapers, which found it fit to print and were happy to do so. This was not good advertising for the publisher. It was not any better advertising on the following day when the police had to call two wagons. It was too much, in fact, and, at the suggestion of the Regional Labor Board, the company agreed to negotiate. It shortly decided to reinstate everybody and recognize the union, and while the staff is merrily making use of the Macau-

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lay Company's light to do the Macaulay Company's work by, others similarly situated are beginning to use the light of the Macaulay strike to study how conditions may be improved all around.

Roosevelt's Plan for Security

IN HIS admirably clear and simple way, President Roosevelt has placed before Congress his much advertised and long awaited program for an extension of New Deal legislation next year. This was what was to placate the liberals who protested that the administration was turning to the right; this was what was to keep hope alive in the hearts of many who were becoming discouraged at the delay in arrival of better times. As usual, the President's announcement is accompanied by a flourish of brave and true words. "It is childish to speak of recovery first and reconstruction afterwards. In the very nature of the process of recovery we must avoid the destructive influences of the past." And we are to rely on democratic processes in seeking the old ideal of "the greater good for the greater number" rather than revert to autocratic dictatorships.

The broad aims of this outline of a program of security are also unexceptionable. We must have decent homes to live in, these homes must be in places where we have a chance to earn a living, and we must be safeguarded against misfortunes that cannot be eliminated. Housing, land planning, social insurance—three sound planks of the liberal program, which must be depended upon by any government in a modern society, however conservative or however revolutionary, if it is to meet the elementary needs of the people. Mr. Roosevelt's intentions are, as they have been from the beginning, beyond criticism.

As one reads the message in more detail, however, doubts arise concerning the translation of these words into realities. The administration has no real housing program. The bill now before the Congress is a complicated measure, based on the conception expressed by the message that "there is ample private money for sound housing projects." But "sound housing projects" for which there is "ample money" are projects in which builders can make a profit in the old unplanned and wasteful way, projects, in other words, that leave out the needs of half our city populations. This bill embodies a governmental attempt to revive the building industry by stimulating the flow of mortgage money and other loans—a helpful thing to do in a depression if it can be done, but not a plan to provide decent houses for the people who need them most. This is an attempt at recovery pure and simple, without reconstruction. The private interests of real estate and banking have prevented it from being anything else. Mr. Roosevelt himself seems to understand its limitations when he says that "in pursuing this policy we are working toward the ultimate objective of making it possible for American families to live as Americans should." The objective is, at the moment, exceedingly ultimate.

Land planning, too, is necessary. Arid regions, which should not be cultivated, are literally blowing away in dust clouds because they have not been left in grass. Millions are living on submarginal land. There is no doubt that the agricultural population should be settled on the best soil, that some regions should be developed for crops, others for livestock, and still others left wild for cover and recreation. But in all this there is not a hint of the economic essentials for carrying out the planning. Where can you put the farmers you move when all crops are being restricted and neither the foreign nor the domestic city markets are being enlarged? Submarginal farmers may be able to feed themselves if moved to new colonies, but is that the definition of "making a living" in modern civilization? Where is the cash to come from if they are to buy anything? Are they expected to work in factories in their spare time? But there are still more than 10,000,000 for whom no employment can be found.

For the security of the city population, the President offers an excellent thing—social insurance against unemployment and old age, presumably a coördinated program on a national basis. We note, however, that he believes "that the funds necessary to provide this insurance should be raised by contribution rather than by an increase in general taxation." Before the workers can contribute, they must have jobs, and decent wages. Social insurance is an idle dream unless we have at least as much prosperity as depression. It is an ameliorative of an imperfectly functioning system, but when a system comes as near failing to function as ours has for the past five years there is nothing for it but doles paid out of taxation.

By each of these routes we are led toward the central question that Mr. Roosevelt has failed to answer: What is he going to do about the profit system, which fails to build decent housing for the lower income levels, creates unemployment and diminishes the sales of farm products? The committee of reformers to whom this message is partly intended to be an answer told the President that without genuine collective bargaining by genuine unions, labor's purchasing power could not increase enough and standards could not be safeguarded, that monopolistic price-fixing policies under the N.R.A. restricted production and hampered revival. Concerning these critical issues he says nothing. He is occupied, in this message, with the trimmings of planning rather than with a socially efficient operation of industry itself. While he was delivering it, he was confronted by the demands of steel men and other workers that he redeem the New Deal promises made to them. So long as he does not act to push to a decision the conflicts aroused by legislation already enacted, it is difficult to take seriously the promises he makes for legislation to be enacted by Congress many months hence.

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No Disarmament Again

THE GRADUAL disintegration of the so-called Disarmament Conference has exposed the realities of international relations as few other events could have done. Called for the ostensible purpose of redeeming the promise of the League Covenant to reduce armaments to the general level imposed on Germany, the Conference has been distinguished by persistent refusal even to consider any such reduction. One is therefore justified in frankly recognizing that the purpose of the Conference in the minds of the French and their allies, who were determined to retain their military superiority, was not to disarm or even to limit armaments, but to ensure by further alliances the permanent military supremacy of France and the Little Entente.

The chief object of the Conference from the French point of view must have been to bring into the French scheme of "security" and "sanctions" the United States and the Russian governments. The French campaign was marked by occasional strategic retreats, such as the December, 1932, concession of theoretical equality to Germany and the tentative signature of the Four Power Pact. These were doubtless due to a desire not entirely to alienate the English, although lately even this consideration has not been preponderant. But the main objective was never lost from view. That France has been successful (1) in avoiding any disarmament and (2) in obtaining the support of Russia for her Continental schemes is already apparent. That she may be successful in tying the United States to the French chariot wheel is also quite possible, for nothing is so strongly calculated to ensure American intervention in the next European war on the "right" side as the commitments made for the United States by Ambassador at Large Norman H. Davis at Geneva in May, 1933, and reiterated in his official declaration of May 29, 1934.

From the day the Treaty of Versailles was signed, the French have left no stone unturned, except one, that could again bring the simple-minded Americans to the support of French policy. The success of the American effort to ensure French supremacy during and after the War is the measure of America's ignorance of world politics and economics, and the quixotic mistake has met its foreordained consequences. The only step France has not taken is to pay the American war debt.

If the French do offer to pay anything, it will be an almost certain indication of their early intention to embark upon another war. But they hope for American aid in any case. The Davis commitments to consult with the "states in conference" to determine who is "responsible and guilty" of a breach of the peace, and to "refrain" from any steps likely to defeat the "collective effort" to punish the aggressor, represent the very acme of French diplomatic success, for the qualification that the United States will not "participate in European political arrangements" or "use its armed forces for the settlement of any dispute anywhere" is the merest twaddle. If the original unneutral commitment is adhered to, the rest will follow as the night the day. The mere intention to keep out of a foreign war is hardly enough; the result depends on what is said and what is done.

The main door of American entrance into European politics and war has been the idealism of those of our peace advocates, and of the foreign propagandists, who see in the sanctions of the League Covenant for the enforcement of peace a way of preventing war. The changes have been rung on this theory, from the suggestion that "neutrality is a thing of the past," down to the Kellogg Pact, the movement for its implementation by "teeth," and the campaign for the "consultative pact," culminating in the dangerous proposals of Ambassador Davis and American participation in the Disarmament Conference. All of them have had but one object, of which most of the optimistic participants were quite unconscious—to preserve the status fixed by the Treaty of Versailles and to ensure American participation on behalf of the "peace-loving" belligerents in the war against anyone who tries to upset it. The specious truce of 1919 may soon come to an end. If we should be inveigled again, this time through the clever manipulations of Barthou, Litvinov, Sir John Simon and our Ambassador at Large, it will be a mark of American cerebral degeneration. The sooner the game played at Geneva is understood, the better will it be for the peace and well-being of the American people.

Will the Middle West Go Left?

QUESTIONS have been rising in the minds of Eastern observers about the significance of certain third-party developments in the upper Mississippi Valley region. Reports of Farmer-Labor party beginnings come from as far west as Montana and as far east as Michigan. In Minnesota the Farmer-Labor party has come out for a "coöperative commonwealth" and public ownership of factories. In Wisconsin the La Follette organization has left the Republican fold and formed a Progressive party. Are these moves symptoms of real disaffection with the New Deal and a genuine popular revolt? Or are they merely maneuvers of office seekers, playing on the old Populist spirit?

The most important of these moves, because of the national prestige of the La Follette name, was that taken at the Progressive Conference at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, on May 19. Opponents of the La Follettes, both right and left, insisted that the action was merely to ensure Senator La Follette's reëlection to the Senate in what was obviously not going to be a Republican year. Radicals scoffed at the idea of progressivism becoming radical. The Fond du Lac Conference gave point to the latter charge but not to the former.

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Senator Robert La Follette gave no indication previous to the Conference that he favored the formation of a new party at any time. His brother Philip, the former Governor, with his ear closer to the ground, knew there was unrest in the ranks. He favored a test of sentiment, even though the older Progressive leaders, the so-called Madison Ring, voted four-to-one against any change to a new party. But, much to their surprise, the preliminary conference on March 3 in Madison revealed that the local leaders were two-to-one in favor of a third party. Robert La Follette still was not convinced; he thought a few intellectual radicals had pushed the decision over. His brother, however, took the lead at this point in obtaining a declaratory judgment from the Supreme Court, which was necessary to clear up the election laws concerning a third party. The Conference was called at Fond du Lac to make the final decision and to choose a name. The vote for a new party was even more overwhelming than expected, 252 to 44. The vote for the "Progressive" name rather than "Farmer-Labor" was 236 to 59.

The "elder statesmen" of the Progressive movement have managed to keep on top of a rising tide of popular revolt. It was they who controlled the Fond du Lac Conference, throwing their full weight against a change of name, sounding a keynote that, in its support of Roosevelt, seemed rather to the right of him than to the left. It was they who prevented any discussion of platform or principle, knowing that radicalism would scare off many conservative adherents.

On the other hand, the decision to break from the Republican party was forced by popular pressure of a genuinely radical sort, and this pressure will have much to say in the writing of the platform at the first convention in September. There are three groups in the left wing. The State Federation of Labor, with headquarters in Socialist Milwaukee, has been on record for a new party since last year. Its president, Henry Ohl, Jr., and secretary, John J. Handley, fought at the Conference for a radical declaration and for the Farmer-Labor name, and warned that Labor would not support merely the "old Progressive movement" under a new name. The farm organizations throughout the state, particularly in the north, have been in fighting mood. The Farmers' Union and Holiday Association are both strong, and the Milk Pool of Walter Singler, of Hitlerlike aspect, is said to be planning its own radical wing within the Progressive party. The influence of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor party is strong with the northern farmers.

In Milwaukee an insurgent group broke with the old La Follette Progressive Association and formed a Farmer-Labor Progressive party during the spring. There have been other threats of revolt against the "old guard" leadership. The spokesman for the intellectual radicals as well as for all the left-wing elements is Thomas R. Amlie, chairman of the national Farmer-Labor Political Federation; but he remains on close terms with the La Follettes and is likely to be picked as candidate for Governor. Philip La Follette does not want to run on the same ticket with his brother, and he realizes that Amlie would placate the rebels. Perhaps he believes that a man outside of the "Madison Ring" could add 50,000 votes to the ticket.

Between now and September the new party must be gathering signatures to get on the ballot. The fight between conservatives and radicals will be postponed till then. But it is quite possible that the developing spirit of revolt, which pushed the Minnesota Farmer-Labor party to a really left position, will win out when a platform is adopted at the end of the summer.

Philip La Follette is supposed to have his eye out for leadership of the revolution next after the Roosevelt "revolution." But if he continues to fear getting too far ahead of his conservative ranks, he may find himself by no means at the front of the procession. His chief rival for leader of a third-party revolt is Governor Floyd Olson of Minnesota, whose greater astuteness has kept him out in front, where the growing radical sentiment could look to his leadership. While still paying some lip-service to Roosevelt, Olson is able to become the spokesman of farmer, labor and intellectual radicalism. It was his keynote speech at the Farmer-Labor Association Convention in March, followed by Congressman Shoemaker's erratic tirade, and Howard Y. Williams' anti-capitalism speech, that gave the cue to the Convention. The conservatives and the office-holders were in full rout, and it is only now that they are picking up the pieces, and trying to explain away a frankly Socialist platform.

It seems probable, therefore, that pressure to the left is coming from a genuine popular revolt in the Wisconsin-Minnesota region. The smart politician has to keep moving fast to stay ahead of it. And if popular unrest in the other states that have started the break from the old parties—Montana, the Dakotas, Iowa, Michigan—keeps pace with Minnesota and Wisconsin, the growing third-party movement is going to be far more radical than "progressive."

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Twenty Years After: War

TO CAST oneself for the part of a Rip van Winkle is at once an entertaining and an educative pastime. I fell asleep some twenty years ago. As I awaken, the sight of my gray hairs in the mirror does not dismay me. I have been glancing over the day's papers, and I feel at home; I am still the world's contemporary: it has not outstripped me. I can grasp its motives; to its fears I am no stranger. Some words, it is true, puzzle me. I do not know what you mean by "Fascist," I lose my way occasionally on the post-war map. But the main events in your world seem perfectly familiar. I read, for example, that a Russian personage named Litvinov has arrived in Geneva to negotiate some wide extension of the Franco-Russian alliance. I can grasp that. The unusual name arrests my attention: it does not sound aristocratic. Nor can I guess why this gentleman should haunt Geneva. But his fears and his counter-measures are perfectly traditional. He dreads a simultaneous attack by Germany and Japan. That in no way strains my comprehension. His expedients in that situation might have been predicted. As in my day, France and Russia join hands across the armed bulk of Germany. They propose, I gather, to link up with certain others, Serbs and Czechs in particular. That was always the dream of the bolder Russian imperialists: it was Slav against Teuton, with the French to foot the bill.

I read on, and still I am not surprised. Some kind of military outbreak has occurred in Bulgaria. The King's palace was surrounded, and Parliament has been sent about its business. Rather a mild affair for that region, but true enough to form. In my day I recollect that a Bulgarian sovereign was kidnaped and deposed. A Serbian king was murdered: I remember listening to the whole bloody story, as the Russian Minister at his court recounted it to me, with a wealth of detail and an intimacy that left me in no doubt as to his foreknowledge. In those days a Balkan *coup d'état* meant one thing precisely. It implied that the little kingdom in question was being violently wrenched out of the orbit of one Great Power and into that of another. One kidnaped an anti-Russian king, or murdered him. Is it so today? I read on. I gather that the new Bulgarian Ministry will promptly "recognize" Russia—an odd way of putting it, but the sense seems clear. The comments from Rome, Paris and Vienna confirm my guess. Bulgaria, I gather, has swung suddenly from the Italian orbit into that of France.

I wonder a little why I took the trouble to wake. I return to a world that can do nothing but theme of 1914. It is busied with the same eternal game of power. It is still maneuvering itself into two camps. It still sees in Germany the arch-enemy. Europe is engaged in a somewhat lengthy process of mobilization, and that operation entails the usual incidents. The greatest Socialist leader of my day, Jean Jaurès, was murdered, I recollect, to facilitate the drafting of French conscripts. On a rather bigger scale, the same indispensable preliminaries have been carried out in Berlin and Vienna. After these workmanlike preparations the field is clear, I should judge, for a head-on collision. I am not sure as yet in which camp I am to place Italy and England. But that also is traditional. No one was sure of that in 1914.

Of this pastime I have had for the moment enough, and I propose to resume my own skin. But I cannot refrain from explaining, in my own person, to myself dressed up as Rip, how right he was, and why. What has happened to bring us back to the verge of 1914 once more?

Turn back and relive those years. I will ask only one thing from the reader—an easy thing—that he will banish from his mind the liberal fairy tales about a war for little nationalities, for the supremacy of law, or for the ending of war itself. It was like all major wars—a struggle to allocate power. It came to a clean and logical end, in an overwhelming concentration of power in the hands of the masters of the French army and the British fleet, while the United States was content with a shaky financial supremacy. Stated realistically it was, I think, the rapid expansion of Germany's "capital" industries, iron, steel and machinery, that led her into this adventure. Its preface was a long wrangle over the iron ore of Morocco, and another over the right to lay steel rails in Bagdad. Her eyes, and those of Russia, and of Britain also, were fixed on that long metaled road to the East that runs through Vienna and Constantinople. But as the War went on, and German industry defined its objectives, one heard the clang of steel in every word. It was the princes of the Ruhr, the lords of iron and coal, who must snatch the Briey ore field from the French and their coal from the Belgians and the Poles. It was they who conceived of consolidating all Germany's allies and subjects in Central and Eastern Europe into one vast privileged market, *Mitteleuropa,* which their cartels should dominate and exploit. It should be a perfect economic unit, in which an intensely industrialized Rhineland should be linked with the wheat belt of the Danube and the black earth of the Russian Ukraine. But steel spoke on the other side also. The French Comité des Forges

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Lorraine, but the coal of the Saar and Upper Silesia. Balked of their chief ambition in the War itself, they nearly got the Ruhr in its aftermath. And through all these post-war years they have struggled, with fair means and foul, to penetrate, to subjugate, the heavy industries of the Ruhr.

There lay the real focus of German power. The French did not get it—neither at Versailles, nor during the occupation, nor yet by the subtler arts of financial penetration. On the contrary, financed by American loan-capital, the Ruhr has reëquipped itself and multiplied its pre-war capacity of production. To what end? The home market is limited and inelastic. Deflation has devastated its capacity to buy. Germany was disarmed and wanted none of Krupp's great guns. Reparations drove her into frenzied exportation and then the slump brought her up with a shock against an impenetrable wall of tariffs and quotas. Confronted by economic nationalism spreading like an epidemic the world over, what will a virile industry organized for export do? It will, it must, turn to imperialism. It must conquer markets.

It went methodically to work. The first step was to be rid of the pacific internationalists of the Weimar republic, its socialists, its Catholics, its Jewish liberals. The tool lay ready for a price, and boldly Thyssen, the ablest and most sinister of the Ruhr trust-kings, bought it. The Nazis have served him faithfully. He and his fellows control German economic policy. For them the workers have been crushed. From them the once disarmed republic orders guns and tanks and munitions again.

The next step is to carve out the economic empire that will absorb the products of this fatally dynamic industry, this volcano that must hurl its products of steel over a limitless area. And here the Nazi doctrine fitted the economics of the Ruhr to a nicety. This peculiar fanaticism of race coincides, as if by a preëstablished harmony, with the interests of the Ruhr.[1] You will find Germanic populations wherever there is iron and coal in Europe, or nearly everywhere. And if you can trace only a few stray Germanic settlements in the coveted lands of Russia, the sacred motive of anti-communism will supply the need of a war cry. Turn back to 1914, or rather to 1916, and you will find that the war aims, as the German industrialists worked them out on economic lines, coincide to a nicety with the seemingly mad romanticism of Hitler and Rosenberg. And so returns the nightmare that armed the world against Germany as 1914 fulfilled itself in the last act of the War. It is not today a war of ideologies for which Europe and the East are mobilizing. Nor is it an international class war. Communist Russia allies herself with capitalist France. It is a war, at least in its West European aspect, between one group of industries that make capital goods, and another.

But I have provoked an answer in the reader's mind. "You are wrong," he may tell me, "first, because this is not a war at all. It is a final or supreme effort to prevent war. With a noble impartiality, careless of minor differences, these peace-loving nations are all coming together, capitalists and communists, liberals and fascists, to forbid war, to stand on guard over the two disturbers of the peace, Japan and Germany. Your Rip van Winkle was puzzled as to why the Russian personage with the plebeian name should haunt Geneva. There lies the whole secret of 1934. This is a moral revolt against war, which will find expression in a pact of non-aggression and mutual aid. Twenty years after, at last to some purpose, we are about to outlaw war."

"—to the whirr," I would observe, "of airplane wings, and the muffled cries of stifled parliaments, while in Vienna, Sofia and Belgrade, in Rome and Warsaw, no less than in Berlin and Tokio, among the virtuous no less than the vicious, the doors of the prisons and the camps clang to, as they receive their socialist and liberal inmates. It is an odd background for the apotheosis of peace." And this League which is the scene of it—who among us had perceived in it the breath of life? What? it shall banish wars, this phantom that could not protect China from Japan, that failed at London to take one step towards economic coöperation, that cannot after two years of conference reach a single agreed proposition tending to disarmament? No, the Genevan veneer is a very thin disguise for the traditional policy of a Franco-Russian alliance. Moscow has adopted it only because the French insist on it. The French in their turn insist on it merely because the League's Covenant is the ideal form in which, with a show of liberalism, the war gains of Versailles, the iron ore and the balance of power, the coal mines and the strategical map, can best be stereotyped and ensured forever. As for Russia, she is following neither a socialist nor a liberal policy. Moscow feels for Geneva the same contempt that Hitler feels, though for other reasons. But Moscow facing two enemies must somehow contrive to immobilize one of them. While Sir John Simon sits in Downing Street, the League cannot be used against Japan. But thanks to French ascendancy, there is a chance that under the wing of the League a group of its European members can be used to keep Germany quiet. That is not a certain reckoning, but it is as shrewd a move as most in the game of power. Rip van Winkle was right when he saw Europe mobilizing once more into two camps. He forgot that she had done it for several years before 1914. The moves in this game of skill will often gain time. But I suspect that under the influe of the airplane the pace of this sport has quicke in twenty years.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

[1] The argument of this paragraph has been worked out, with some rather hazardous detail, in a brilliant book, "Hitler over Europe" (London: J. M. Dent and Sons), which will be published in the United States this fall by Simon and Schuster. The writer, who uses the pseudonym Ernst Henri, is apparently a Russian familiar with Germany who seems to have access to secret service

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Steel Lines Up for Battle

WHEREVER there is a steel mill there are just two questions being asked today: "What about the steel strike? When is it coming off?" And no one seems to know the answers.

In the main, the workers are not eager to strike. The memory of the oppressions and brutalities of 1919 is still too fresh, and they know the union is no better equipped now than it was then to combat the steel interests. Yet there is a powerful and purely emotional undercurrent that transcends all practical considerations. The men are aching to "sock the Steel Institute in the eye." It is the result of a vast accumulation of grievances that have strained the patience of the workers to the limit.

Before the 1929 crash, steel workers made fairly good wages and had acquired a comparatively high standard of living. Many owned homes, cars and radios. Quite a number, especially among the foreign elements, had money in the bank and a lesser number owned securities. Since then they have lost all these, have had to endure cut after cut in wage rates, and at that get work only one or two days a week. Their living standard has approached starvation level. Few in the great groups of unskilled and semi-skilled labor have averaged over $500 a year throughout the course of the depression. The two wage increases of the last year have been offset by the increase in the cost of living.

These woes might have been endured by the men as the fruits of a public calamity for which the steel companies were not directly responsible. But there is one grievance that comes directly home to the employers: the handling of relief in the steel districts. If a steel worker needed and was eligible for relief—and which among them wasn't?—he could get public relief only by surrendering his employee's ticket and thus rendering himself ineligible for reëmployment when and if business at the mills picked up. Naturally no one wanted to do that, but the alternative was to accept aid from the companies. Unfortunately, it was not aid but a loan that he received, and as a result the steel worker is loaded with debt to his employer.

He owes rent and taxes and grocery and doctors' bills. How will he ever get free of his debts now? When will he again see prosperity? He has lost all his old optimism; he can no longer distract himself by looking around the corner for the milennium. Instead he ponders about the union. Perhaps it holds something for him. It must, he reasons, or the company would not oppose it so strongly. And so he began, almost a year ago, to join the union.

This brought on new grievances. In smaller communities it brought outright dismissal. For instance, in Alton, Illinois, where the Laclede Steel Company runs a small steel plant, the superintendent would watch to see which of his men attended a union meeting. Not later than the next morning, he would fire such presumptuous fellows. Within a short time 143 men were dismissed. Three hundred more struck in protest. This was early in April. They are still out, permanently, they fear, for the company has imported other workers from an affiliate in a nearby town and has capped the matter by getting an injunction restraining the old employees from going near the plant.

In larger mills there is, as a rule, little outright firing. Union men are allowed only the barest minimum of work and are demoted from skilled to common-labor jobs. This produces the desired result without too much publicity. In any event it keeps many workers away from the union; pressure of immediate need proves too great. But in the cases where this technique appears to have had a great surface success, resentment against the employer has, if anything, been heightened; and when a showdown comes many of this cautious group may be the first to strike.

It is estimated that while only about 30 percent of the steel workers are actually enrolled in the Amalgamated Iron, Steel and Tin Workers' Union, at least another 30 percent, including both skilled and semi-skilled men, are in this borderline class. These workers, though they stay away from union meetings and do not sign on the dotted line, are probably just as anxious as the union men to break loose and stage a real fight for recognition. Here, then, is one reason it is so difficult to prophesy the result of a walkout. The bitterness, the resentment, the accumulated grievances, are all there; it is merely a question of how well these can be coordinated and directed, and whether the spark will go off at an opportune moment.

In the meantime the companies are preparing for all eventualities. The United States Steel and Jones and Laughlin plants are prepared, in case of strike, to house large crews of men inside the mills. Carloads of cots and bedding were brought in within the last few days. Rumor has it that many of the mills are veritable arsenals. The Carnegie Steel Company plant in Clairton, Pennsylvania, is shining up a steam pipe-line built last October across the mill's entire frontage. Convenient connections a few feet apart will make it possible, if desired, to squirt steam upon pickets. The pipe-line is of no other use to the plant. Foremen have been given instructions to "talk down" the union. This "talking down" is being carried out carefully and systematically. Workers, in this instance, are not being

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gone over carefully and is approached on its own peculiar merits.

The easiest group for the steel companies to win over is the older men. They number only about 5 percent of the steel workers, but they include most of the highly skilled men. They are being told, "If you go out on strike, you'll be fired and will lose your chance of getting a pension." It is an effective argument. Old men cannot readily get new jobs, and the possible loss of a pension is a real threat. Then there is the never failing trick of stirring up dissension between the American and foreign-born. The union was prepared for this, and in the main placed full-fledged Yankees in positions of leadership. But the rank and file is largely foreign, and inevitably so. The steel owners themselves saw to that when before the War they scoured Eastern Europe for cheap labor. The fact is that the proportion of foreigners in the union is no greater than among all steel workers.

A classic example of an attack upon the foreign workers is contained in a bulletin widely circulated in one of the United States Steel mill towns and signed merely "Group of Steel Workers." It reads:

> To the Decent People of Duquesne:
>
> Strikes are threatening to shut down the Duquesne Steel Works.
>
> A bunch of hoodlums, hunkies and a few Negroes have banded together for their own greed and are trying to dictate to the management of the steel works.
>
> Recognition of their so-called union—in reality a racket—is demanded.
>
> Are the respectable and home-loving people of this community going to stand by and watch this band of communists shut off our only means of livelihood?
>
> It can be stopped now—are you willing to go along with us and run this bunch of trouble-makers out of our community?

While these preparations were in process the Amalgamated presented its demands for recognition. On Monday, May 21, every lodge sent its committee to the local superintendent to present a standard form reading:

> We, your employees, have affiliated ourselves with the International Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of North America . . . for the express purpose of bargaining collectively. . . .
>
> We respectfully ask that you give most earnest and favorable consideration to our request for recognition of the above-named lodge, and would appreciate an answer in writing on or before June 10, 1934.

In some instances the committees were received courteously. In one case cigars were offered. But in the majority of cases plant superintendents refused to grant the workers an interview and the forms had to be sent by registered mail. Of these, many were returned unopened and some, it was reported, were promptly consigned to the wastebaskets. None was answered. One committee was told to "get the hell out of here" and another was told "from now on you men better watch your [illegible]".

convened in New York on May 24 and replied:

> We will not recognize the Amalgamated Association. We reaffirm our belief in the Employees' Representation Plan [company union] as the proper vehicle for settling labor problems.

Here then is the setting.

How long before the flare-up? The administration in Washington has already taken a hand, but what has it to offer in the way of a solution? A government-supervised election? That would be courting another defeat of the Weirton type, especially in view of the decision just handed down in that case. A proportional-representation plan similar to that of the automobile industry or along the lines of that contained in the revised Wagner Bill? One need but turn to the happenings in Toledo to see how utterly ineffectual that settlement proved. Besides, it is practically certain that the Steel Institute will not agree even to so meager a compromise. The steel barons are genuinely eager for a showdown soon. They feel hopeful that, as in 1919, they can break the spirit of their workers and be untroubled by labor problems for at least another fifteen years.

Actually, there is only one thing the administration can do—and that would play into the hands of the mill owners. It can protract negotiations and drag the controversy out until July, when the slack season in steel will begin and the workers will be less inclined to strike, or if they do strike, can be faced in many mills by an effective lockout. The magazine Steel frankly anticipates and welcomes such an eventuality. The recent feverish activity of the steel industry was largely in anticipation of a strike emergency and the mills will soon be ready to curtail production in any event.

It is anybody's guess whether there will be a strike, and when and how great it will be. There may be only a few sporadic strikes. On the other hand, scattered walkouts here and there where the lodges are strongest may spread into a vast movement that will not only cripple the entire steel industry but may reach out to include coal and automobile workers as well. The captive mines, especially those of the H. C. Frick Company, certainly have enough grievances to welcome a walkout, and many locals stand ready to heed the call at any time. The Steel Institute is intoxicated with power. It not only refuses to negotiate with labor but is apparently equally disinclined to negotiate with Washington, as witnessed by the fact that General Johnson and Donald Richberg had to carry their peace plans to New York, where steel executives met. By this attitude of defiance, the steel industry is tying the hands of President Roosevelt, is forcing the more conservative leaders to adopt a pro-strike attitude and is inevitably driving the men to a walkout. When that happens, however, it is certain that forces of oppression and terror will be unleashed on a vast scale.

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Poetry Without Purpose

IN HIS recent essays on "Three Types of Poetry," Mr. Allen Tate, with the amiable innocence of so many literary critics, has taken the bull by the horns and rushed into the philosophical china shop. And the sound of breaking crockery is heard in the land.

Mr. Tate is a poet of parts and a good critic of poetry. But his purpose in writing these essays goes far beyond literary criticism. He aims to define and condemn two "general attitudes of the spirit," of which he speaks as "the scientific spirit" and the "spirit of romantic irony," and to affirm that "we had, most notably in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," the "creative spirit." Obviously he has undertaken to deal with philosophic conceptions, and his arguments should be met and analyzed on the ground he has chosen.

But although he speaks as a philosopher, he does not speak with philosophical precision. The exactness of his thought can be gauged by the qualifying clause of the following statement from the brief "Preface": "The pure scientific spirit I shall call in these papers, *without much regard for accuracy* [italics mine], positive Platonism, or a naïve confidence in the limitless power of man to impose practical abstractions upon the world." That is an astonishing bit of nomenclature. For there is not, I think, a line in the works of Plato that can justify tacking on the term "Platonism" to such a "naïve confidence."

But there are more troublesome things in Mr. Tate's thinking than the lack of much regard for accuracy. There is also a disarming absence of coherence. Take the following passage, again from the "Preface":

> . . . the power of seizing upon the inward meaning of experiences, the power of sheer creation, which I shall call the vision of the whole of life, is strictly *a quality of the imagination*. The apologists of science often speak as if this were the scientific attitude, because the aim of science is to produce a statistical whole for the service of the practical will. But the real whole of life is the wholeness of vision at any one moment, yielding us the total quality of that moment. . . .

"Seizing upon the inward meaning of experiences" is "the power of sheer creation"; and that is "the vision of the whole life." Two sentences later Mr. Tate says: "The real whole of life is the wholeness of vision at any one moment, yielding us the total quality of that moment." Now I believe the inward meaning of experiences is of great importance. Yet an unprejudiced inspection given "any one moment" will convince the most skeptical that to speak of "the total quality of that moment" as being constituted solely of "inward meanings" is a slipshod business.

But there is still another theoretical nigger more deeply embedded in this woodpile. It is the will. Its role in the passage I have quoted remains negative, but still it is of emphatic importance. For "the power of seizing upon the inward meaning of experiences, the power of sheer creation," is, mind you, "*strictly* [the italics are mine] a quality of the imagination." And for Mr. Tate this conception is importantly exclusive: *it excludes the will.* "When the will does [the work of the imagination], it is doing the work of science," he says farther on. And "when the will supplants the imagination in poetry, the task of the poet . . . is bound to be frustrated. . . . " That is, will and imagination are presented as separate "instruments," and the entrance of the former into the latter is considered as something vitiating, something perverting.

In this distinction and in his views on the nature of the will, we approach the heart of Mr. Tate's literary theories. The "scientific spirit" is "the spirit of the practical will." Its "mark" is "the oversimplification of life." It "arrests the attention at those features of the whole that may be put to the service of the will." In Mr. Tate's (to my mind, unjustifiably extended) use of the word, it "allegorizes"; it tends "to abstract for use those features that are available for immediate action, and to repudiate the rest." The "creative spirit," on the other hand, is "an immediate intuition"; it includes the recognition of "the realm of immitigable evil"; it is "the fusion of human practicality and human error in a vision of the whole of life, *the vision itself being its own goal*" (Mr. Tate's italics); "it proves nothing; it creates the totality of experience in its quality; and it has no useful relation to the ordinary forms of action."

These classifications and definitions are, to say the least, eccentric—and they are, to say the most, not sufficiently thought through. Their eccentricity roots, I believe, in Mr. Tate's view of the will. It is this, in relation to science and to imagination, that I propose to criticize in this article. For Mr. Tate does not always succeed, in "Three Types of Poetry," in conveying any very definite or integral idea of the will; and in so far as he does, his chunky conception is open to fatal objections.

Sometimes he speaks merely of "will"; and sometimes he qualifies the noun with "practical," as if there also were, perhaps, a differing "theoretical will," of which he never discusses the nature, scope or function. Sometimes the will is "social," sometimes "individual." But its fundamental significance always seems to be, in Mr. Tate's devaluative, invidious sense, that of a faculty which "allegorizes" (though in one passage he allows himself a slippery

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and by no means consistent loophole in the sphere of morals). The will is the force that makes for the "unrelieved imposition of partial formulas upon the world."

The fact is, Mr. Tate appears to have been communing with Schopenhauer not wisely but too well. "The World as Will and Idea" tends to exercise on an artist a fascination as great as its conception of the will is confused and metaphysically overextended. And Allen Tate is in his degree, as Richard Wagner was in his, an artist.

Schopenhauer's procedure with the will was simple to the point of simple-mindedness. He seized upon the "sense of effort," as he found it in himself, and made it the ultimate substance in the universe, calling it Will—with a capital W. Then he smuggled into this conception all automatisms, all change, a policy carried to its ripe conclusion by von Hartmann. Since Schopenhauer suffered from an insatiable neurotic dissatisfaction, the Will in its multiplicities could "never reach a final goal." Since he was also highly sensitive artistically (the best of his prose is part of the best in German literature), art satisfied him. He observed that a thing of art is a thing closed in itself. This was grist to his mill. He had discovered a place where dissatisfaction and Will could find surcease: "Art, on the contrary," was "everywhere at its goal."

Of course Mr. Tate's affiliations with Schopenhauer are neither complete nor simple. But on the one hand the German's hatred of the will awakens a harmonious response in Mr. Tate's condemnation of science as "the spirit of the practical Will." On the other, Schopenhauer's affirmation of art and his negation of will constitute satisfactory buttresses for the brick wall that Mr. Tate builds between will and imagination.

This brick wall is the relic of a thoroughly defunct but too often regalvanized view known technically as "faculty" psychology: a view more ancient, in Western thought, than Euclidean geometry; a view set forth at an early date by Plato with influential brilliance, perpetuated throughout the Scholastic period, accepted and complicated by Kant, and unquestioned by Schopenhauer. Speaking generally, it is the theory that the ego possesses a series of compartmental "faculties," grouped as belonging either to an "internal [inwardly directed] sense" or an "external [outwardly directed] sense." There are supposed to be a faculty of sensation, a faculty of reason, a faculty of will, a faculty of emotion, a faculty of imagination, etc.—as if the ego were a sort of rigid steel structure to which were attached a number of mobile derricks, capable of functioning with delightful irrelevance to each other.

Unfortunately for Mr. Tate these rickety schematisms have long been exploded, with a definiteness surpassing that with which Euclidean geometry has been ousted from sole absolutistic dominance over space and time. There is no faculty of will or and used as we use a hand or a monkey wrench. We can no longer revel in such phrases as Mr. Tate's "category of will with its instrument, the practical intellect." Practical will, practical reason, theoretical reason—such disjointed concepts have died of their own inadequacies and their own contradictions.

The sound, carefully grounded view of the human mind that survives vitally in this day is that of a variegated but organic neuro-psychic entity functioning, integrating in different ways and different directions, but not in compartmental disjunction (except in diseases, and then not in accord with "faculty" divisions.) Even the most abstract mathematical thought is in fact infused with an emotional obligato—of hostility, of strain; or of indifference and boredom; or of ease and even elation. The imagination is not something that vegetates like a turnip. Its vision may be elicited by its objects; it may be coherent, full of choice and determination, of value, of reason. Does Mr. Tate really believe that in a vision of the whole of life the imagination is utterly flaccid, supine, will-less?

Mr. Tate's trouble goes back once more to his ideas about the will. It is not merely that his conception is fatally chunky, in the "faculty" tradition; it is also a matter of his having conceived the will precisely in the vein he so urgently condemns—the "allegorical." For his view of the will is, in his sense of the word, willful; he has been indulging in the "unrelieved imposition of partial formulas" upon the will.

For what *is* will? Certainly we cannot follow in the Schopenhauer line, which demands, if it is to be consistent, a range of application of the term so broad as to make it synonymous with change—a broadening in which "will" completely loses any distinguishable nature. And certainly we cannot follow Mr. Tate when he vacillates in the opposite direction, into a usage so narrow that will becomes merely something that "best realizes its purposes in external constructions or in the control of the external relations of persons and things."

The will is a specific psychic function, distinct in its essence from automatism, intuitive action and desire, though it may be allied with them to the point of a complex fusion. Will involves a deliberate envisaging of a goal, a pattern, and a deliberate reorganizing, a deliberate moving of self (that is, of the neuro-psychic organism) and of environment in the direction of that goal or pattern, accompanied in some degree by a sense of effort, whether the result realized be complete or incomplete, successful or unsuccessful. It lies in the nature of the will that it may function directly or indirectly in any field in which the human organism is capable of functioning, though within each field the scope of the will may be limited in one way or another (as in connection with striped or unstriped muscular tissue in the body). In the very examples Mr. Tate gives

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torting influence of the will and offering a vision of the whole of life, I think the will is deeply involved. Is not Wyatt's lovely address "To His Lute" essentially of the substance of the imaginative will to renounce, as Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" is (if one takes the poem as having deeper significance than that of mere mood and metaphor) of the fatuous imaginative will to "quicken a new birth" by a gust of wind? Is not "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" an expression of the plight of the will meeting an erotic force so powerful as to make it incapable of anything but palely loitering? No matter what automatic, spontaneous and intuitive elements enter in, the "power of sheer creation," of "seizing the inward meaning of experience" (and, I add, the equally important outer meaning) is also a directed, deliberate, purposive activity of the imagination, an activity involving choice and rejection, an activity involving *will*. How else can it be in any real sense a "creation" and a "seizing"?

Now Mr. Tate's "allegorical" ideas about the will also obtrude themselves into his equally "allegorical" ideas about science. We all know the bumptious young scientist who has a one-track mind, one rail of the track being laboratory technique, the other being the statistical method. But even young scientists grow more mature, and there has never been any reason to take one-track minds and their theories with exclusive seriousness. Nor can one take seriously Mr. Tate's consignment of science exclusively to the uses of what he calls the will. For science is not, as he believes, "an abstraction calculated to force the situation, upon which it is imposed, toward a single direction."

Science began, in Western civilization, at that moment when the *logos* was set up against the *mythos,* when certain Greeks of the sixth pre-Christian century attempted to turn the interpretation of reality from a congeries of capricious myths (however deep we may now recognize their psychological roots to have been) into a tested and reasoned view of being, in its nature, structure and functions. Since that day the great tradition of science—no matter what its occasional lapses into extremism, no matter how long its dormant periods may have been—the great tradition of science has been the intention to envisage the multiverse, and all that constitutes it, for what it is, as it is, in all its ramifications and all its orders as well as its disorders; to see the world not through the partisan mists of the *mythos* but in the clear air of the *logos*. The will of science is the will to understand the realm of all being, and its intermingled realms of values, without prejudice, without superstition, without the aberrant and grasping predilections of personal idiosyncracy. That the laboratory and the statistical method are among its achieved, legitimate physical and intellectual means to its objectivity, is as clear as that its conclusions may validly be used for the practical realization of values in any sphere in which the human organism functions.

In truth, Mr. Tate's fundamental ideas have a way of crashing because of their own internal contradictions. And with those vitiated fundamentals goes his whole extreme case for an isolationist, inutilist view of poetry. There is much to be said for his idea of poetry as a focus of repose—but only if one refrains, as Mr. Tate does not, from maintaining that to be this is the sole legitimate function of poetry, and from identifying a focus of repose as the only valid center of creation. If Mr. Tate had written "The deepest usefulness of poetry lies in its beauty," he would have had a talking-point. But he did not. He wrote: "Poetry finds its true usefulness in its perfect inutility." When we read that phrase, "perfect inutility," and ponder on Mr. Tate's debacle with the will and with the spirit of science, we know: "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came . . . "; and it was very dark with metaphysical confusions; and it was built of ivory.

AXTON CLARK.

Interrupting the Social Worker

THE SOCIAL worker, we were taught in the sociology department at the University of Chicago, is a self-sacrificing angel, a sort of missionary who goes out among the hapless folk of the slums spreading sweetness and light. When love and all else failed, I always thought I'd go back to the slums from which I had come, be a settlement worker and save my people.

Now I'm back in the slums; for the slums, strange to say, have moved right up to the back door of the university where I took my degree. The social workers, too, have spread out. They have penetrated every poor street of this middle-class neighborhood where I still live. And now the people they save are no longer those of the slums who hadn't the gumption to rise in the world and get an education; now their clients are my very university friends, my neighbors, people I have known for years.

The family next door was starving. I had to stop writing, get the women of the building together, and go to the relief station.

Mrs. Peterson is a widow, with three nearly grown children. I found them last winter, when they were on relief, in unheated rooms. We helped them buy a stove, and begged the money to move them into our building; it has been abandoned by its owners and we pay no rent.

Along came the C.W.A.—the eldest son was employed, the family drank milk, ate meat and butter, and even bought overcoats. Then came the C.W.A. lay-off; and the United Relief Service refused to reinstate the Petersons. Their gas and electricity were turned off; the coal gave out; to get fuel they began to tear down the very building where we live. Bits of food from our tables were not enough to nourish them. So we neighbor wome

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had to go to the relief station with Mrs. Peterson.

Relief workers are of two kinds: those, like Mrs. Russell, who hide their heads in a bank of sand when they sign the warrant for the arrest of a client who dares to let out a yell during the starvation process, and the second kind, like Mrs. Tobey, whom Krafft-Ebbing and Freud have described. By preference, the latter choose the torture work; they are masters of vituperation; never speak a true word to the enemy client and are as good at provocation as members of the Industrial Squad.

Mrs. Tobey, the assistant supervisor, screamed at us. We were no ladies. We were liars. The Petersons had an income. The boy sold newspapers. It was none of our business, anyway. "Go home or I'll throw you into jail."

None of the women, save myself, had ever been in such a fight before, but they defended me and each other (as we creatures used to do when we hunted in packs). "Some day we'll run that woman through a meat chopper," whispered Mrs. Peterson.

A quiet mother of three bared her teeth, and called Mrs. Tobey a starver of children. "Arrest us," we all said together, and tried to explain the horror to the policemen set to guard us.

Then the attitude of those in authority changed. Word had traveled up to Mrs. Russell, the head, of the presence of this terrible committee of women in the station. Mrs. Russell remembered me well, as a Communist who had led other committees of starving and destitute people into her station.

"Oh, Miss Jameson!" she said, "if Mrs. Peterson had only told us of her condition!" She made out a grocery order five dollars larger than any the family had ever received before, gave coal, an order for gas to be turned on. We exchanged polite remarks about her children, my writing.

The next time it was an artist; I'd known his wife for fourteen years in the art colony of Fifty-seventh Street. "Nobody starves," say the pompous journals, and forget that we city folk can no longer live on the coarse fare that sufficed in the forest and frontier. When on relief, the Smiths were half-starved, but now they were cut off altogether. A case of the C.W.A. lay-off again, and of not being able to get back on the rolls.

We were a terrified lot, that morning, gathered in the Unemployed Council headquarters. We numbered ten neighbors. My knees shook when I realized that I would have to lead them into the relief station.

It all happened like clock work. Mrs. Tobey refused to have anything to do with our committee. When we told her that the Smiths had nothing to eat, that we had been lending them small sums of money for food, she shouted: "Go on supporting them if you're so rich." Stool pigeons at once tried to separate us from the other relief clients; loads of detectives arrived, a big one seized my artist friend roughly and his little plaid scarf went flying. "If ... to go, let's go together, comrades." I ... put on her trips to get the needle.

said. It was ignominious, being arrested just for asking for work or relief. If we'd only made a speech, done something.

Local police can be talked to, local police are workers. Some even have pity for those in distress. They were curious about such a strange bunch of people, who'd let themselves be arrested rather than see their neighbors starve. Then the Red Squad came. Anyone who protests against hunger at a relief station in an organized way is classed as a "Red." All of our committee, most of them new to such a venture, would hereafter be known to the police as "Communists." So we were labeled "Make Mills's gang" by the local police and only Make Mills, as head of the Red, or Industrial, Squad, had authority to dispose of us. His assistants told us to "go back where we come from," threatened to deport one of the committee to St. Louis; called the women by their first names; told us what they'd do to us under fascism, which was coming soon.

We were taken from station to station, so that our friends couldn't find us; we were photographed, measured extensively, fingerprinted for the local and federal police. As none of us had ever been arrested before, we did not know enough to protest. For a time we were held incommunicado.

We were not booked, but the quick work of the International Labor Defense got us out of jail that night. Next morning Mrs. Tobey triumphantly conferred with all of her confederates in the judge's chambers, with the Red Squad, with the crooked-looking judge, with the various stool-pigeon witnesses from the relief station. When our lawyer made a motion to dismiss the warrants because they accused us of being "Communists," patently not a legal crime in this state, the social worker and the judge exchanged a smile. Mrs. Russell was sent for and signed new warrants. Our case was then transferred to another court where the judge tried to force us to go to trial at once, calling a jury from the audience. But we got a continuance.

As soon as we left the courtroom, we made our way back to the relief station, where the Smiths were at once put on the "preferred list," and given food orders.

In the courtroom an elderly woman approached me. "I come here to git help," she said. "I have diabetes. They [meaning the social workers] won't give me the needles for my insulin. I bin a month walking back and forth to the station."

So we had to make up a committee and interrupt the social workers again. More screaming, more slamming of doors in our faces, more pushing our way into rooms where we were not wanted.

The old lady, we found, had an eviction notice, but no gas and no light. "If they'd only give me a lamp," she said. It took three hours of fighting to get the needle (which cost 15 cents and without which she would soon be dead) and an order to repair an old pair of shoes. She'd worn the shoes

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Miss Jenkins, the medical social worker, was such a gentle woman, so pleasant to meet in a drawing room, so soft spoken. She'd sent out the order for the needles fully a month ago. And she had refused her client since, because she is forbidden to make out a duplicate. "Suppose you go and try to trace the letter I sent," she said. "Why all this fuss? Why didn't Mrs. Jones borrow the 15 cents?"

So now I no longer need to go back to the slums —the slums have come to me. And I most certainly do not want to be a social worker.

RUTH JAMESON.

The Socialist Convention

THE SOCIALIST party of the United States has come out of the Detroit Convention with a fighting program. The determination for a clear and vigorous statement on the part of the delegates, many of whom came directly from a score of labor fronts, was heightened by their discontent with the existing Socialist labor policies. Coupled with this keen appreciation of the fundamental role that the organized labor movement must play in the struggle against capitalism was the unhappy awareness of the breakdown of the traditional Social Democratic procedures evidenced in the collapse of the German movement and in the brave but tardy struggle of the Austrian workers.

The convention consisted of 150 delegates with about as many alternates, representing 28,630 members from forty-six states, a 40-percent increase over January, 1933. According to the report submitted to the convention by the National Executive Committee, those delegates came from a membership of which 70.6 percent are workers. The agricultural and clerical workers showed the smallest percentages. And, contrary to popular belief, the professional classes compose only a shade over 12 percent of the Socialist party membership.

Even before convening, the main lines of conflict were drawn. The so-called "old guard," with its chief strength in New York City, some in California and Pennsylvania, was led until his death last year by Morris Hillquit. On the convention floor in Detroit, Louis Waldman did most of the talking for it. Arrayed on the other side were delegates representing the "militant" position, the revolutionary-policy group and a large section of delegates, who did not subscribe to all the formulated principles of either group, but were primarily interested in creating an active Socialist movement. But labels like "activist," "R.P.C." or "militants" seemed to represent no hard, crystalized differences. Together they composed the left wing on the convention floor. Norman Thomas was their acknowledged leader. On the four permanent committees of the convention the left wing controlled the majority of places.

The resolution on "N.R.A. and Socialism" was an emphatic statement of Socialist principle. It denied categorically that the N.R.A. is a step toward socialism, but asserted on the contrary that its aim is to stabilize and maintain the capitalist system. "It is true that the state machinery is being utilized to set up the codes but not every form of state intervention is socialism. That depends entirely on who controls the state and the purpose of the intervention. The present state is in effect the the executive committee of the ruling class." "The N.R.A. is not fascism," the Socialist resolution continues, "it has the potentialities of fascism which the working class can only forestall by rising to its working-class obligations. Workers will succeed only in proportion to their own organized strength and fighting ability."

After a heated debate on the floor a direct attack on the tactics of the A.F. of L. leadership was excluded from the resolution, but not before ex-Sheriff Al Benson of Milwaukee had raised the question whether "we aim to educate backward leaders or the workers who demand to know what can be done." The convention nevertheless seemed to believe, along with B. C. Vladeck of New York, that the N.R.A. may have shown fundamental weaknesses in the American labor movement, but if so it also revealed a similar condition in the Socialist party. "What the labor movement wants of us is not advice but service. Organized labor today is our comrade in misfortune. We must help build it."

The left-wing forces carried a more important point when the convention declared that Socialists should work with independent unions even when all attempts at A.F. of L. affiliation had failed. Of double importance was this action in Detroit, since the powerful Mechanics' Educational Society, in which Socialists in Detroit, Flint and elsewhere are active, is dual to the A.F. of L. union in the auto industry. In addition to this resolution on labor, the most complete farm resolution ever to come befor a Socialist convention was passed. To implement both labor and farm resolutions, the delegates, without a dissenting vote, ordered the establishment of four national departments to be concerned with the organization for socialism of the American farmers, of labor-union members, of white-collar and of Negro workers.

But when the declaration of principles was offered for adoption the storm broke. The declaration emphatically restates the Socialist position:

> Only those who labor with hand and brain in their concerted might can overthrow this monstrous system. . . . They will unitedly seek to develop trustworthy working-class instruments for the peaceable settlement of international disputes. . . . Socialists will loyally support in the tragic event of war any of their comrades who, for anti-war activities or refusal to perform war service, come into conflict with public opinion or the law. . . . They will meet war and the detailed plans for war already already mapped out by the war-making arms of the government, by massed war resistance, organized so far as practicable in a general strike of labor unions and professional groups in a united effort

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> to make the waging of war a practical impossibility and to convert the capitalist war crisis into a victory for Socialism. . . . Capitalism is doomed; if it can be superseded by a majority vote, the Socialist party will rejoice. . . . If the capitalist system should collapse in a general chaos and confusion, which cannot permit of orderly procedure, the Socialist party, whether or not in such a case it is a majority, will not shrink from the responsibility of organizing and maintaining a government rule.

No sooner had Devere Allen, the chief author of the declaration, completed the reading, than Louis Waldman launched into a sharp and bitter speech: "It is inconceivable to me as a Social Democrat that this declaration should pass. It is anarchist, illegal, communistic doctrine." In reply, Mr. Allen declared: "We are in the process of building a united and extensive movement, we cannot afford to delay the building of that movement on sound principles of indispensable importance. We can reduce violence not by indecision but by meeting the situation resolutely. If ever the government throws the masses into war, to be legal in such a conflict would be to brand the Socialist movement with the brand of shame."

The declaration of principles under discussion was compared with the St. Louis declaration of 1917 issued by the Socialist party during the World War, the document composed by Morris Hillquit. Mayor Dan Hoan of Milwaukee supported the new declaration in a passionate speech in which he outlined a standard of conduct for Socialist officials in the event of war. Powers Hapgood, after doing an outstanding job as a left-wing leader, supported it because he said "It will bring workers to Socialism." Norman Thomas climaxed the discussion by saying: "I am glad we have come to this place of decision. . . . I am shocked and a little ashamed of the defeatist sentiment expressed by its opponents. . . . I am for this declaration in its entirety. . . If capitalism collapses in chaos what is it that the opponents of this declaration would have us do, attempt to obtain a majority vote in a lunatic asylum?"

When the vote was finally taken on the declaration—without amendment at the insistence of Waldman and other "old guard" leaders—it was carried by a vote of more than two to one. The opponents asked for the right of referendum to the membership at large. It is in the hands of this membership that the fate of the declaration now rests.

The most important result of this Socialist convention is that it seems likely to mark the new beginning of Socialist strength in America. Nowhere since the War, in or out of Socialist gatherings, has the mood of self-criticism, here combined with self-confidence and faith in the working class, been so dominant. Nor were aggressive Socialists, who now control a majority of places on the National Executive Committee, ever before in a better position to effect changes within the Socialist party in matters of policy and organization.

JOHN HERLING

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Washington Notes

Bewilderment in the White House—Revolt Nears the High Command—Mr. Roosevelt as Micawber

IT HAS been impossible of late not to note the diminution of Mr. Roosevelt's prestige or fail to observe the fact that there has been a change of feeling in regard to his policies. Despite the tremendous propaganda and despite an undoubted improvement in business, there are still approximately ten million men out of work and the problems that confront the administration are exceedingly grave. The optimism so carefully pumped up among the people is being replaced by a growing worry, but what is perhaps more significant is that the same ominous change is going on within the administration.

The chief cause for the trouble, it seems to me, is directly attributable to the President himself. Complaints of the lack of a clear and coherent policy at the White House are heard from all sides. Mr. Roosevelt's many admirable qualities are generally conceded. Further, it is agreed that as a politician he is perhaps the best we have ever had in the White House and that his talents as a conciliator and compromiser are unsurpassed. But the fact remains that, at bottom, he has no firm political philosophy whatever. While impulsively eager to engage in the great legislative experiments upon which we have embarked, he has not logically and forcefully followed through either in his thinking or in his actions. The result has been a clash in policies, vast confusion and, in sections of the government and groups of the population, a dangerous demoralization the extent of which a still favorable press has largely concealed. All this is well known to every observer in Washington, and it is beginning to percolate to the people.

Several rather convincing signs of this situation have been given in the last few weeks. One of these was the parliamentary crisis in the House, which the administration leadership was too feeble to control under the ordinary rules, despite a Democratic majority of 192 in a body of 435. Unmistakable indications that the House, thrusting aside the leaders, would pass the McLeod Bill and several others not desired by the administration led to the imposition of the gag law and the adoption of other rules, under which the House reverted to the Tsarlike days of Tom Reed and Joe Cannon. It is amusing to recall that it was the Democratic party which, combined with the Progressives, for so many years waged the battle for a liberalization of the House rules and the stripping from the Speaker of autocratic power. Yet, the fact is that had the new steamroller not been set up, the House would have been out of control and the administration schedule buried.

While no such disposition to run wild has been exhibited in the Senate, the revolt against the pending amendments to the Agricultural Act is equally disturbing to the administration strategists. While the purpose of these amendments is declared to be a clarification of the existing Act, a sinister purpose to regiment 40,000,000 farmers has been read into them by various Democratic Senators, and a real fight to prevent their adoption is on. At this moment it

looks as if the amendments will be defeated, though the President, at various White House conferences, has insisted upon their enactment and described them as essential to the success of his agricultural program. The significant thing is that the opposition is led not by a Republican but by Democrats of the unwavering type of Senator Smith of South Carolina and Senator Byrd of Virginia. They have been joined by Senator Borah of Idaho and others from the West and South, who, with one or two exceptions, have supported every important Roosevelt proposal.

By personal appeals, the President may yet be able to swing enough Senators around to escape a reversal on these amendments, but such is not at the moment the judgment of those best posted on the temper of the Senate. Leaders in the opposition threaten to keep Congress in session indefinitely if the amendments are brought up. The President has already been told by one of his closest senatorial friends that they cannot pass. And if they are brought up and defeated, it will not only badly handicap the future policy of the A.A.A. but will mark the first real reverse for Mr. Roosevelt on a proposition of major policy. The effect of such a defeat might be far-reaching.

Three months ago the President would have had no such fight in the Senate. Three months ago, these amendments would have been accepted because of the emergency, as many other proposals have been accepted exactly as desired by the administration. They would have gone through without much more than perfunctory debate, whether they were clearly understood or not. That there should be a real Democratic revolt such as now exists on a Roosevelt proposal strongly urged by the President and clearly labeled "for emergency," seems to me to mean a change.

But, more than the revolt of either the House or the Senate, the attitude of the Republican candidates for reelection indicates a difference in popular feeling. When this Congress convened in January—and during several months thereafter—the way the Republicans sought to identify themselves with Roosevelt's policies was almost ridiculous—though natural, considering the strength of Roosevelt sentiment in their states and districts. Hence a large proportion of them were preparing to make their campaigns as Roosevelt supporters, pointing out that they had voted for the administration bills and "upheld the hands of the President." All that has changed.

Today, the Republicans have recovered their sense of party unity, and the Republican candidates are openly preparing to assail various features of the New Deal policy. The Brain Trust will be denounced and the Republicans will try to convince the people of the futility and waste of the great governmental expenditures. The action of the Republican National Committee in its recent party pronouncement from Chicago is additional evidence of the revival of the opposition. No such reactionary stand would have been seriously contemplated earlier in the spring.

These developments are not encouraging. They do not mean, to be sure, that the Republicans will capture control of the House in the November elections. I know of no responsible Republican who has any such idea. But they do, it seems to me, foreshadow a considerable Republican gain in the next House and a reduction of the Democratic majority to the point where the minority will become formidable. This in turn promises to sap administration authority and make more difficult the effective prosecution of the sounder phases of the New Deal.

The plain truth is that, after a year of the New Deal, the basic difficulties of the country have scarcely been touched. Neither the N.R.A., the A.A.A. nor the P.W.A. has reached its objective. The Warren financial policy did not produce the rise in commodity prices so confidently expected, and the unemployment problem has scarcely been dented. In the face of all this, Mr. Roosevelt still seems as gay and carefree as a schoolboy on a holiday. His press conferences continue to be sprightly and enjoyable and, apparently, his confidence is by no means impaired. He looks forward with eagerness to the adjournment of Congress and the beginning of his battleship journey to our insular possessions. His state of mind is the marvel of those who come in closest contact with him, and are themselves far from carefree or light-hearted.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Through the Glass Act Darkly—A Good Model in the Air Mail—Sweet Words Jangling Out of Tune

IT IS beginning to dawn on some of those sapient persons who were completely lulled by the Glass-Steagall Banking Act into believing that the bank affiliate had been abolished that their optimism was too hasty. Only those persons who refused to read the Act could have supposed this was so. The moment for the divorce of bank affiliates is here. But those who read the newspapers will observe that it is only where a bank and its affiliate issue a joint certificate for their stock—where neither stock can be transferred without transferring the other—that the divorce must take place. There is nothing in the Glass-Steagall Act to outlaw affiliates *per se*. The Act merely prohibits a bank and its affiliate from having outstanding joint certificates of stock. It does not prohibit holding companies and, by the same token, does not prohibit banks and affiliates, security affiliates or other types, from being united by means of holding-company control. Thus, no announcement of any divorcement of the affiliates of the Transamerica Corporation has yet appeared. The one thing the new banking act does do is to bring all affiliates and holding companies under the scrutiny of the Comptroller of the Currency. But this, of course, is a purely visionary and futile gesture, since the Comptroller would have to have an army of examiners scarcely smaller than our military establishment to keep our banking system, complicated with holding-company and affiliate banking, under examination.

One of the President's close friends is Mr. W. Averill Harriman. He is also next in command to the doughty General Johnson in the N.R.A. He has been spoken of as General Johnson's successor when that personage is permitted to fade out of the picture. Mr. Harriman is a banker, and also chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad. But primarily he is a banker. His firm is

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vestment banking house was forced by the Glass-Steagall Act to make a choice, as of June 16, whether it would remain in the deposit-banking business or the security-underwriting and merchandising business. The firm of Morgan has decided to continue as bankers. Most of the other firms have elected to continue as investment houses. But Brown Brothers, Harriman give us a new and strikingly simple solution of the whole problem. Brown Brothers, Harriman will continue as general commercial bankers. But a new firm has been organized, called Brown, Harriman and Company, with the innocent word "Brothers" left out of the title. And this new corporation will carry on the investment-banking business.

This new firm will have $5,000,000 capital and "a substantial portion of it will be supplied by Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company." Also Mr. W. Averill Harriman and his brother E. Roland Harriman will have substantial stock interests in both firms. Of course these gentlemen understand the reason why the Glass-Steagall Banking Act was passed. It was to divorce in fact as well as in mere appearance the functions of commercial banking and investment banking. It is a little odd, is it not, that the one conspicuous example of legal evasion of the provisions of the Banking Act should be this leader of the "New Deal"?

With the Air Mail Act, Congress has just enacted one of the first laws that bears upon its face the marks of a real New Deal. Of course, the original Securities Act was such a measure, passed, as we know, in the first flush of enthusiasm. Mighty little of that sort of thing has been permitted to slip by since. But the Air Mail Act goes pretty close to the fundamentals of a New Deal in corporate finance. This Act prohibits any holding company from owning stock in any corporation that enjoys an air-mail contract from the government. It prohibits any corporation or person engaged in any other phase of the aviation industry from owning shares in a company with an air-mail contract. This is distinctly good. It is too bad it did not go a little farther and prohibit any corporation from owning stock in an air-mail company. As matters stand, a railroad or an industrial corporation, if not engaged in any other phase of the aviation industry, could own stock in an air-mail company.

The Act, however, does attempt to prevent evasions of these principal sections by providing that, while no holding company and no other aviation company can own stock in an air-mail company, no officer of a holding company or other aviation company can have anything to do with the performance of an air-mail contract. Here is a pretty good model for some railroad and power legislation. Or to put the matter still more soundly, here is the germ of a national incorporation law. If this is good medicine for air-mail corporations it is good for all corporations. The next step, then, should be a national incorporation law that will permit the government to do away with this worst form of all racketeering.

Will we get such legislation? Three weeks ago the President let it be known that he contemplated sending to Congress an outline of an elaborate program of economic and social reforms. It included old-age pensions, unemployment measures; it was a program to form the raw meat of congressional meditation during the summer. At the moment I got the impression that the President had thought it all up in a hurry; that it was one of his now well known political gestures. About the same time, I understand, he told a group of callers who went to ask a wider social-reform program that the trouble with their program was that it was too mild; that he had in mind a much more ambitious plan. That reply, too, I thought, had just popped into the President's mind as one of his characteristic urbanities, without much real meaning behind it. And then a little later came what seems to me a pretty complete confirmation of this view. Mr. Raymond Moley, who sees the President often and, indeed, spends much time in conference with him, had written shortly before this (though it did not reach print until afterwards), for his magazine Today, the declaration that with the passage of the Stock Exchange Act the New Deal was complete. There can be little doubt that Mr. Moley knew what he was talking about. If this vast ambitious program was still outstanding, Professor Moley could hardly have said the New Deal was complete. Liberals who think they are going to get anything more liberal than the N.R.A. from the New Deal, except sweet words with no meaning behind them, had better get over their illusions.

In a Western county, farmers plant too much corn. In the town there are too many movie houses. A farmer was paid $2,005 for not planting 20 percent of his acreage and for limiting production of hogs. He took the $2,005 and started a moving-picture theatre in town. Thus the planned economy moves toward its goal. JOHN T. FLYNN.

An Introduction to Bach

THE SCENE of this little introduction, belatedly granted the present reviewer, was the rooms of the New Music School, up in its flat in Fifty-ninth Street in New York City; tense, on the double occasion of the introduction, with the presence of a deeply, studiously interested, eagerly receptive crowd of musicianly people. The medium of it was a young man who looks like somebody grinding for a Ph.D. in English in the Yale Graduate School, and comes from Leominster, Massachusetts, and is an extraordinary musician: Ralph Leonard Kirkpatrick. Equipped with a pure sense of style, a strong grasp of the form of the complex music he plays and a reverence for its quality and meaning as well as a fine technical control of the clavichord and harpsichord upon which he performs it, he executed, on those two April evenings, several of the preludes and fugues from "The Well Tempered Clavichord," a couple of the French Suites, a Partita, the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, and all the Goldberg Variations, magnificently upon the instruments for which Bach originally cast them. And while he played, he gave the writer, who isn't very highly educated but who on this occasion probably shared his experience with many of his fellow hearers, a glimpse into the imagination of the immortal cantor in a way fuller than any previously yielded him.

His experience a bit resembled that of some hypothetical,

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years since, who had known Tintoretto's paintings only through prints of them, and found himself magically transported into the *antecollegio* of the palace of the Doges in Venice. Like the art lover before the original Tintorettos, he was confronted by unexpectedly spacious, tridimensional objects. With voices and volumes surprisingly discrete, and, strongly antithetical for all their delicacy, the polyphonic structures stood astonishingly up and out; and as in the case of the paintings in the famous anteroom, the unforeseen effect was directly attributable to the recovered functionality of the color. Like the great Venetians, and Greco and Cézanne, Bach apparently actually modeled in color, playing timbre against timbre as well as note against note, and distinguishing the various voices by means of color as well as of pitch—a technique permitted him by the tremendous varieties of qualities of sound which both the clavichord and the harpsichord are capable of producing. And like the amazed traveler, the writer had to recognize that he had hitherto incompletely conceived the medium in which his beloved artist had worked, and that his conception of it had embraced merely one of its elements, that of design. In his case, the mistake came from the fact that he had hitherto heard Bach's clavier works performed only upon the piano, an instrument valuable for its force of tone, but dull of timbre, and therefore able to give what to all effects is merely a black-and-white version of the work of a supreme colorist.

Since the writer has a nineteenth-century affection for the piano, he was relieved, later while reading up on the subject of Bach and his proper instruments, to learn that the piano was by no means so useless for the performance of Bach as in the excitement of the Kirkpatrickan revelation he had momentarily thought it might be. Schweitzer called to his mind the comparative limitations of both the old keyboard instruments: that of the clavichord, which flowed from the fact that its tones are too weak to be distinguishable at a distance greater than twenty-five feet; and that of the harpsichord, which because of the abruptness of its attack and its incapacity to sustain single notes, remains incapable of doing justice to pieces requiring a singing tone. None the less, he cannot but feel that never to have heard J. S. Bach played on the old instruments by a scholarly artist like Mme. Landowska or Mr. Kirkpatrick is to remain ignorant of the master's exquisite imagination; of the delicate quality of the vibrations and oppositions and interplays that he conceived; and hence, not at all to know the nature of those wonderful chromatic plasticities of his which the piano must, to the best of its ability, be somehow made to body forth.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Civil Rights in Boston

SIR: On Thursday, May 17, a demonstration was scheduled for City Square, Boston. It had been called by the Boston Committee to Aid Victims of German Fascism, and had the support of many organizations, chiefly the National Student League of Harvard and M.I.T., the Marine Workers' Industrial Union, and the American League Against War and Fascism. At a quarter after five, there was a crowd of about two thousand people in the vicinity of the Navy Yard and most of them were assembled in an adjacent empty lot awaiting the arrival of speakers. Suddenly, fifty policemen surrounded the crowd and began to drive them away. The people moved quite willingly. Mr. Albert Mallinger, a speaker, stood on the running board of a car and began to speak, saying, "Fellow workers—." Six policemen rushed at him, knocked him down and slugged him until he was unconscious. At the same time, six mounted officers charged into the crowd. This was a signal for a general riot, *not by the crowd, but by the policemen.* People were severely beaten up, children and women not excepted. Twenty-one persons were arested, including six students. For details of the brutality, I suggest study of a pamphlet printed by the Harvard Committee on the Investigation of Police Tactics in Charlestown. The cover contains two quotations from Harvard undergraduate papers. One, from The Harvard Crimson, reads:

> Any nation espousing a belief in freedom of speech will not submit to a subjugation of it under the tattoo of horses' hoofs. The brutality and officiousness demonstrated yesterday are to be deplored.

The one from The Harvard Journal reads:

> Was it admirable police efficiency? Or was it, rather, a sadistic field-day for a bunch of burly blue-coated near-morons?

The trial of those arrested was a farce. The judge allowed no mention of police brutality, nor would he allow a witness to testify that the Commissioner of Police had ordered the brutality. None of the defendants was guilty and none deserved the sentence passed. Some were given six months and others heavy fines. The students of Harvard and M.I.T. have protested *en masse.* We hope everyone else will do the same. Letters of protest demanding that these citizens be released should be sent to Mayor Frederick Mansfield of Boston.

BERNARD COHEN.

Cambridge, Mass.

Unhappy Days for Hotel Keepers

SIR: I have read Robert Ellis's article entitled "Happy Days for Hotel Keepers" in your issue of May 3, and I wonder whether he would have objected to the proposed "Rules of Fair Trade Practice for the City of New York" of the hotel industry were he fully aware of the situation and the unfair competitive practices it seeks to make unlawful.

The condition of the hotel industry is reliably given in the assembled results of a questionnaire sent to 4,300 members of the American Hotel Association, and reflects the situation in October, 1933. Fifteen percent of the hotels were failing to earn enough to meet their pay rolls, 32 percent were failing to earn their taxes, over 80 percent were in default on their mortgages and the writer knows of none earning a reasonable reserve for depreciation. Since the approval of the Code in November, 1933, the condition has got worse even in spite of repeal.

Let me take up Mr. Ellis's objections to the proposed local Code in order and explain the reason for the suggested rules:

The extra 10-cents-a-person charge on meals served in guest rooms: Severe competition has forced New York hotels to serve popular-priced table d'hôte meals at dining-room rates in guest rooms. To do so the hotel loses the services of waiters who, were they serving in the public dining rooms, could care for five times as many guests.

The 10-cent charge for bread and butter: "Bread and butter" is hotel slang for the privilege of using dining-room accommoda-

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to bring in their own food, use the silver, soil the napery, demand the services of the personnel and occupy space which might otherwise be earning its carrying charges.

The 25-cent charge for liquor "set-ups": New York hotels must pay $1,500 a year for a liquor license. Obviously, if they cannot sell their guests liquor and earn the retailer's profit, they cannot afford to pay the license fee to permit its consumption on the premises.

The 10-cent charge for local telephone calls: Hotels pay a rental for every telephone, for the use of the switchboards and each trunk line. Even with a charge of 10 cents a call, they lose in this department.

The $2 service charge where a guest has a private telephone: The hotel guest having a private line sends all his outgoing calls over that line, but allows his incoming calls to come over the hotel's switchboard. For this service the hotel must rent additional trunk lines, extra phones and hire additional operators.

The surprising rule against donations to charity: Hotels agree to publish their rates and adhere to them. The dishonest hotel can circumvent such an agreement by reimbursing organizations which engage rooms or arrange for functions by a contribution to the work of the institution. Most local Codes, however, permit donations to be made when approved by the local Code Authority.

And so every suggested regulation, arbitrary though it may seem to the uninitiated, has as its prime purpose the prevention of those abuses which have been the curse of the industry and which have resulted in the severe competition with which hotels have been faced.

Stamford, Conn. O. A. DE LIMA.

Orient and Occident

SIR: The major part of the material that appears in the daily, weekly and monthly press of America and Europe seems to me to be mere piffle. But, then, perhaps journalism is meant to deal with piffle and not with serious subjects of abiding historic interest. Be that as it may, I cherish the hope that the day is not far off when the publicists of America will be converted to the point of view—voluntarily, I hope—that the essence of humanity is not concentrated in Europe but that the Orient is the pivotal part in the forthcoming interplay of human forces. . . .

That even the liberal journals should look upon Gandhi in terms of news value and not in terms of his abiding contribution to humanity is a saddening thought. But like the Mahatma, I content myself with the thought that the light will some day dawn upon those who are enveloped in darkness. If space were judiciously allotted to the social forces of the world today, we would find a full half of a journal like yours devoted to an understanding of the psychology and background of the Orient, including Russia; a fourth to the American scene, and the remaining fourth to the rest of the world.

New York City. HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

A Conference on Foreign Trade

SIR: Mr. Chester T. Crowell's communication in your issue of May 23 is a masterpiece of covering a subject as important and as significant for American prosperity as that of Latin America. As a former expert on Latin America I must confess that Mr. Crowell's presentation of the subject is worthy of the most serious consideration by the authorities in Washington.

But how are we to act? Last summer the writer urged that the federal government create a Council which would be in a position to attend to such vast opportunities as disclosed by Mr. Crowell's communication. The administration is apparently too busy with domestic problems. Our foreign trade is lifting itself up by its own bootstraps. There is no central agency to give consideration to any plans that would be of immediate assistance to our depressed industries.

I would suggest that there be called a conference of real and tried experts on various countries of the world. Now more than ever there is a crying need for some volunteers of high repute, people who are out neither for jobs nor for glory, people whose hopeless misunderstanding of our foreign-trade problems. May I suggest that each person reading these lines, who has worked for at least five years in foreign commerce abroad, who feels that he can contribute something worthwhile, send word to me at the Cairo Hotel, Washington, that he is prepared to attend such a conference and say how far he is ready to go to help develop a saner foreign-trade policy.

Washington, D. C. J. A. MARCUS.

Communism in Kansas City

SIR: My attention has just been called to a reference to Communist activities in Kansas City, Missouri, made by Nathan Asch in The New Republic of April 25, 1934. He bewails his bad luck in trying to find the Communist party here. The places he looked for it were the telephone book and newspaper offices. Finally, in a radical book store, the owner, who professed being a Trotskyite, told him they (the Communists) "moved to Omaha, Nebraska."

Wishful thinking has long been a common fault of people, but your correspondent is also guilty of finding only what he looked for. If he earnestly wanted to find the Communists, he should not have expected any encouragement from capitalist papers in his search. He should not have looked for the Communist party in the telephone book, because all Communist organizations are notoriously broke. And, of course, if your correspondent were serious in his search, he at least would not have taken for granted information received from a foe of the Communist party and revolutionary movement, who "loudly cackled" that he wrecked them. This Trotskyite is dead now and it would be unfair to call him a liar, but he could have given your correspondent the names and addresses of A. W. Berry and Flo Wayne, Communist party and Young Communist League organizers, respectively; he could have told him about communistic work and organizations on East Thirtieth Street, at 1904 Brooklyn Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri, and Nebraska and Everett Streets, Kansas City, Kansas.

Your correspondent also could find out that these Communist organizations, including an auxiliary and a pioneer school, are active in the two Kansas Cities. In addition, the Communist party sponsors and is very active in every radical and revolutionary organization. It maintains an open forum and comrades are sent to adjacent territories for propaganda purposes, as Comrade Berry is now.

S. SAUL.

Kansas City, Mo.

Extracts from Letters

IRVING ADLER of New York City writes us: "The Hearst press and The Daily News have been waging a jingoistic campaign in opposition to teachers and students who are actively opposed to war. In answer to this campaign, the New York Teachers' Anti-War Committee, which led the successful fight against the Ives 'loyalty' pledge bill, is calling a mass meeting of teachers, parents and students on Saturday, June 16, at the Central Opera House, 205 East Sixty-seventh Street, New York City."

We have received from Tom Mooney a letter outlining the expenses of his suit now pending in the federal courts to obtain release on the ground that his conviction in 1917 was contrary to the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. "The initial expense for the legal work," he writes, "places a tremendous burden of raising $5,000 upon my defense committee for briefing the great wealth of material in this eighteen-year-old case, stenographic, typing and other clerical help, office rent, supplies, printing and binding of briefs, postage, telegrams, telephone and transportation and traveling expenses for at least one of the attorneys, all of whom have volunteered their services without fee. The whole program will be in jeopardy if we are unable to raise this indispensable sum. The emergency compels me to plead with you for a donation to be used exclusively for expenses connected with this federal court action. Address all communications and make all funds payable to the Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee,

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From Dying Gods

UNTIL yesterday there had been a short drought in this Texas country, then rain came. The white rain-lilies have sprung up overnight everywhere; verbenas, cardinal flowers and coreopsis grow thick, and the bull-nettle is hidden under its white blossoms with their jasmine smell. The fields are green, the green leaves are sharp on the trees, the valleys fresh. I can hear birds singing, fowls crowing and cackling, dogs barking far off; and from the window I see down the hill a ploughman moving along the furrows in his white, wide hat. He will be glad to see his crop and the blue sky, under whose heat and light all his labor springs fresh and green and new.

It is, I suppose, this sense, in this half-classic land, of spring come again, of returning fruitful life, of death and renewal, that leads me to write of Mr. Newberry's book, "The Rainbow Bridge." The author has set out to trace "the history of paganism from the Stone Age to the Age of Pericles." His chapters discuss the cavemen, the Sumerians, Egyptians, Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Hebrews, Persians, Phrygians and Greeks, with an eye, meanwhile, on "the relation between the religious impulse and the rise of literature."

"The Rainbow Bridge" is not a very notable book. The approach to the material is highly unequal. As might be expected, this leads to a style that is uncertain and quietly taxing on the reader, and to an effect of repetition in details. It leads also to a more important defect, which is the lack of any given tone for the whole book. The mind behind the writing itself never decides on what it shall be as a whole. Sometimes the style is neat and pointed. Sometimes it is literary in the fuzzy sense, or is sententious, as, for one example, that playing on the title as if you were a busy marrow-sucking novelist. No doubt the good Snorri Sturluson in "The Prose Edda" reports truly when he writes of Gangleri asking Harr the way to heaven from earth, and Harr's saying yes, the gods had made a bridge from earth to heaven, called Bifröst, perhaps Gangleri calls it "rainbow." No doubt "the rainbow bridge" is a pleasing phrase to Gangleri and Harr and Mr. Newberry; but these succulent matters must be handled with discretion lest the texture of the writing grow soft.

A curious weakness that is to be found in the average work where pantheons, mythologies and racial cults are involved, appears also in this book: I mean a certain drop at times into the coy and playful-ironic. It must be said that Mr. Newberry does less of this than many other writers. In his case it belongs rather to his general uncertainty of approach and tone. He is doubtless reviving the memory of some beloved preceptor's relaxations from Zion. "Jehovah had no private life . . ." "Having thus established prosperity at home, he [Osiris] decided to tour the world conferring like benefits." This sort of thing, in a stoic pet, some scholar-mascot seen face to face by the college, is, if you like, one thing. On the printed page it merely reminds us of diverse persons who write titles or announce for African films—"Mr. and Mrs. Lion, etc."—we wish they would try for the dignity of the animals. On the other hand I daresay there are scholars whom Osiris makes nervous or whom the desire to lighten our way makes willing to toy with drollery. It is a great and silly fault in treatments of high, fantastic, racial material such as a book like "The Rainbow Bridge" undertakes. Lucian could do it, but Lucian created from the start a given tone.

The major portion of these full pages of Mr. Newberry's work are covered with accumulations widely gathered and brightly possessed for his ends and proofs. There will be readers who will think he goes too far in bringing under the myth of his fertility god so many beliefs, ceremonies, deities, myths, saints and fairy tales. But only now and then does the argument seem, to me at least, to force matters. Such figures as Adam, Helen, Jehovah, Attis and the Hebrew patriarchs, to cite only a few out of many, are well undertaken. Without losing their glamor, reverence or historical image, as the case may be, they make better sense under this added comment and analysis.

There is a fair enough account of totem worship, of the anthropomorphic gods that followed, of the idea of the dying fertility god that underlay finally so many religions, and of the Egyptian development of the idea of the next world as a habitation for men's souls to replace their return to earth. The labors of the Hebrew prophets to eliminate magic, that great source of savagery in religion, and to increase the emphasis on ethics, are recounted. These high labors were no more important to this end, however, than was an incidental fact of sheer superstition, such is the irony of human history: a law in "Deuteronomy" forbade the celebration of sacrifices anywhere but in the temple, and thus it happened that when the temple was destroyed the cult was destroyed with it. Meantime the ancient Tammuz inheritance remained in the idea of a Messiah, and the tabu of the Tammuz cult against eating swine remained, though no longer with any connection. The author might wisely have carried further the discussion here, and more definitely applied this movement toward purification and ethics to Christian history. It is the kind of thing he did very well with the Egyptian ritual, which proceeded from the idea of another world and was in reality a form of masses for the dead. These Egyptian "words of power," through their influence on the Semites, Persians and Greeks, are related to the evolution of philosophy and ethics.

The chapter on the Greeks' Olympus needs a steadier approach and a more cogent measure lest we grow loose and thin amid profound insights, patterns and conceptions. Before it brings the book to a close this same chapter lapses here and there into naïve certainties, such as moral vigor, science, the twilight of the gods, the dawn of reason, a morality based on altruism, and ends at length with a pretty little hand for the rainbow bridge, which "still stands as a sign of promise for the future of humanity." Well, well—

The hold of the myth remains, with its fertility, its dying god, its father, mother, son, its Sacred Marriage which is also a sacrifice, its death, resurrection and promise of life. With it these flowers and this green herbage here springing up, after the rain, where the earth had died, have a complete immediacy. It is now two days since I looked into Mr. Newberry's volume, and what with the help of a little grass, cock-crowing and sky, I find that the myth has in

[1] The Rainbow Bridge: A Study of Paganism, by John Strong Newberry. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co. 346 pp. $3.75.

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Pudovkin and the Little Men

IT IS a pity that the New York Acme Theatre will be one of the very few in this country (if there are any others) to show such a securely front-rank film as "1905," made from Gorky's "Mother" by the Soviet director Pudovkin some years ago, and only now permitted to be shown here by the censors. Because it is so good and because it is so true. Because it is at once a work of art and a statement of the heroic conflict, not of armed knights or empire builders or Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, but of those whose heroism is forever obscured by terms relating to the stink of their breath or the state of their finances: hoodlums, loafers, malcontents and bums. And this will not I hope be interpreted as praise of the film on grounds of its daring (small daring necessary for Russians to support the ruling class in Russia certainly); praise goes to a new, sound conception of values that were themselves always sound.

The story is that of the abortive rising of the Russian workers in 1905, and though its progress is focused in the individual characters of the son, who is jailed for his activities as an organizer, and the mother, whose energies are from that time diverted into revolutionary channels, it is a story of masses. And these shifting crowds—dynamic bulks, typical of hell let loose—Pudovkin handles with special genius, filling the flat dimensions of his screen with quick and brawling motion.

Although sound effects and a running commentary in English have been added, the picture was originally silent; it was to speak only in terms of its camera, which seems at times uncanny in its clear recording of both the fact and the comment upon it. For the extremely effective filming and cutting of such bits as the rhythmic patterns of the factory and the courthouse, and the escape of the prisoners; for the casting of such brawny figures as give the action its crude strength; more, for the intangible matter of breathing life into this whole continuity of shadows upon a screen —for all these Pudovkin seems to have made himself responsible. Vera Baranovskaya and Nikolai Batalov had the principal roles, and made them sharp with meaning, to be sure; but for the most part character development is at a minimum in the play, which aims to make up in collective power what it must lose in individual depth.

As to the flaws, they are several: a tendency toward black and white, an unwillingness on the part of the director to let go a sequence once he has got his teeth into it, and most of all a spotty print, not geared to modern projection machines and giving rise to the jerky and frequently absurd acceleration peculiar to the old newsreels. And yet the picture as a whole shakes off these handicaps as a dog would drops of water, to stand squarely on its merits, a shaggy giant of a thing. It provides an experience that should open a few rather sleepy eyes to the artistic possibilities more and more being realized in this medium.

It is a stiff jump from "1905" to the screen version of "Little Man, What Now?" To some the latter also will seem to have significant social content, and to others it will seem nothing more than a rental-library approach to the business of earning a living; and prominent among the second can stand just so much inversion of Horatio Alger in the interests of modern romance, and no more. A great deal of Mr. Borzage's setting was effective and I guess you could call Margaret Sullavan's sensitive carriage through the part of the young wife rather lovely. But for Douglass Montgomery as the Little Man, the only logical comment is, So what—which comment may as well be enlarged to include the whole lagging story.

I do not suppose that there is much to be said about "Now I'll Tell" at this time, or indeed any other. It is Mrs. Arnold Rothstein's version of Mr. Arnold Rothstein, with its situations wonderfully familiar and the case for Mrs. Rothstein wonderfully strange. The story of a gambler who could be nothing else and died therefore in sin though bravely, is aided by Spencer Tracy over some tall obstacles, but not enough of them. In spite of the breezy sequences with which it starts, the picture quickly gets improbable and goes from bad to maudlin.

Also a brief and tardy mention for "Little Miss Marker," to which my reactions are pretty negative. A little girl falls into the power of a ring of touts and bookies, eventually making cleaner and better people of them by her innocence. I liked Menjou, doing more than his usual bit, but owing to what may be an alarming atrophy of the maternal instinct I like cute toddlers like Shirley Temple only in their little cribs, or whatever receptacle it is they should be kept in—not that of several thousand feet of film, surely.

The bottom of any list is the exact spot for the Nazi film, "S. A. Mann Brand"—not so much because it is bad propaganda in a bad cause as because it is shabbily and obviously put together, a cheap boot-licking sort of thing. Showing the rise to power of the Swastika Boys (their I.Q. levels off unmistakably here at something like Hi-Y pitch), it is anti-Semitic and anti-labor, and as such might be considered a menace if it were not the ridiculous performance it is.

OTIS FERGUSON.

Alarm

The sound of motorcycles in the night
Rouses and haunts the sleeper on his bed.
A demi-dreamer still, he startles up
To dream amiss some absent one is dead,
And sees the messenger, in fatal cap,
Come stumbling to the door, groping the frame,
While stiffens on his sheet, waiting to hear
The bell, the knock, the naming of his name.
Not that, not death, perhaps it could be joy,
Some news the sun would light a little later,
But must come first and beat the dawn to break,
Speeding through wire and wheel and elevator.
The silence tingles at his nerves. Did that
Thing go along or stop? and listens while
Fear, hope slip from their sticking place: then hears
An engine softly whisper to a mile.
Not death, not joy, he loosens on his pillow,
No bell, no knock, then he'll be sleeping soon,
But just recalls a motorcycle is
One way to take a girl to see the moon.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Primitive Peoples

HERE ARE two books that describe their authors' travels in the more primitive parts of the American continent.[1] One of them, though unliterary, is full of movement, drama and human warmth; the other has the sort of frigid blindness and pretentious bad taste that can be achieved only by a professional man of letters writing on a subject about which he knows little and cares less.

Melville and Frances Herskovits made two visits to Dutch Guiana, penetrating far into the interior in wooden dugouts poled and paddled up the Surinam River by natives of the country, the Bush Negroes. These Negroes are in some respects the most interesting of all the peoples that inhabit the two Americas. Late in the seventeenth century their ancestors began escaping from the Dutch, who had brought them as slaves to the vast sugar plantations along the coast. They made their way to the headwaters of the Surinam River, above the cataracts, where they lived by growing rice and cassava in secret clearings in the jungle. For nearly a century they conducted a bitter warfare with the whites, raiding lonely plantations for women and firearms, killing the planters and being in turn captured and tortured to death. Finally the war was ended by an equal treaty: the Bush Negroes were to be allowed to live in freedom so long as they did not molest the whites.

They have jealously guarded this freedom ever since, and have kept the tribal memory of their enslavement and revolt in the shape of a furious distrust for white people and white civilization. At the same time they have preserved the customs and the religious rites that their forefathers brought from Africa. They are, indeed, more African today than are their kinsfolk who stayed behind. During the nineteenth century the Dahomeyans and Ashantis were conquered by Europeans and taught many European ways, whereas, the South American Bush Negroes still live much as their forefathers did in the days when the first slaves were being landed in Virginia. By studying the Bush Negroes, the Herskovitses hoped to learn more about the Negro contribution to American culture—for, as they say, "the Negro has not only absorbed; he has also given."

The scientific results of the Herskovits's two expeditions are to be recorded in two future monographs. The present volume, "Rebel Destiny," though it includes a good many descriptions of interest to anthropologists, is primarily a popular narrative of their trip up the Surinam River to the court of the black emperor, Moana Yankuso. The two anthropologists came unarmed, as guests of the Bush Negroes. The scientific success of their journey, and their own safety too, depended on their winning the confidence of a people nourished on hatred for everything white. They were not entirely able to overcome the results of this racial enmity, and yet the Negroes showed a high personal regard for them, and the Herskovitses in turn liked the Negroes and learned to appreciate their human qualities. These two scientists have a natural gift for telling a story, for creating suspense, for conveying the atmosphere of a tribal dance in which Negroes possessed by their gods slashed about them with knives and the drums beat always in heavier rhythms. And they are good, too, at depicting character, particularly when they come to describe Moana Yankuso, the jungle statesman, who sent a letter to the League of Nations begging his white brothers to keep peace among themselves.

Aldous Huxley is a more conventional and, in reality, a more inexplicable traveler. Why did he spend so much money and undergo so many hardships in order to visit Guatemala and southern Mexico? A Mexican landlord in a little town asked him this question and he didn't succeed in giving an answer. Huxley did not come to conquer or to trade; he did not come to teach, like a missionary, or to learn, like the two anthropologists. Perhaps he might have said that he came merely to see—but in that case why did he spend so much time with his eyes resolutely closed? "There are places," he says, and he always seems to be running across such places, "where it is decidedly better to pull down the blind and read Spinoza." Why not read Spinoza comfortably at home?

I should guess from the story that his real reason for the voyage was his memory of D. H. Lawrence and "The Plumed Serpent." Lawrence admired the Mexican Indians, spoke of their life in mystical terms as "the grand sea of the living blood," and Huxley was perhaps curious to know whether he would share his dead friend's emotion. He shared it not at all. Midway in his narrative he is forced to confess that "frankly, try how I may, I cannot very much like primitive people. They make me feel uncomfortable." And he quotes a remark that was bad enough when originally made by Paul Valéry and is, in its present context, intolerably priggish: *"La bêtise n'est pas mon fort,"* stupidity isn't my strong point. If Huxley believes that primitive people are necessarily stupid, and doesn't like stupidity, I wish he wouldn't write about them.

As a matter of fact he doesn't, much. "Beyond the Mexique Bay" is not the usual type of travel book, a record of things seen. It is more in the nature of a travel diary somewhat less portentous than Count von Keyserling's. Huxley regards places and people chiefly as an occasion for noble reflections. Visiting the Maya ruins at Quirigua, he spends one page describing them and twenty pages in uttering generalities about art and race. Having been delayed for an hour by a regiment of Guatemalan soldiers, he writes a long essay on how to prevent war, full of fine-sounding and essentially meaningless remarks about human nature. Now, it used to be a pleasure to read Huxley's reflections, for he writes well on books and art. The trouble is that a trip through Guatemala and Mexico gives rise to ideas on other subjects. Even an insensitive observer like Huxley can't help being affected by the poverty, the filth, the ignorance of the people, the tyranny of the Guatemalan government, the exploitation of the natives on the big foreign-owned plantation. He can't help thinking about topics like war, slavery, economics, and he has nothing of value to say about them.

He has the sort of ignorance that is often displayed by a university man who has specialized in "cultural" subjects and has absolutely neglected the social sciences. He says, with vast complacency: "Our afternoon tea and our after-dinner coffee depend on the existence of a huge reserve of sweatable colored labor."—"Even a tidal wave may have something to be said for it. It does at least clear away the

[1] Rebel Destiny, by Melville J. and Frances S. Herskovits. New York: Whittlesey House. 383 pages, illustrated. $3.

Beyond the Mexique Bay, by Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 295 pages, ill. $2.50.

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always offending his eyes and his nostrils. He abounds in phrases like "painfully squalid," "dirty and squalid," "the recollection of all those greasy Indian lips," "the inferior race," "disgusting in their low animality," "how unspeakably depressing!" "so painfully vulgar," "one shudders to imagine it."—"Perhaps the wisest thing to do is to abandon [the popular arts] to their inevitable vulgarity and ineptitude and to concentrate all available resources on the training of a minority that shall be capable of appreciating the higher activities of the spirit. We must cultivate our oasis." I wish he would stay there.

Still better, I wish that the authors of these two books could be led to exchange their roles. I wish that Aldous Huxley would paddle up the Surinam River to the court of Moana Yankuso and live in utter dependence on his ability to understand, please and outwit the members of what he would soon cease to regard as an inferior race. And I wish that the Herskovitses would visit one of the oases—Florence perhaps—where expatriated Englishmen and Americans gather to rest from their travels and would write in a strictly scientific spirit about their totems and taboos, their tribal wealth and their strange phallic customs.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The End of a Trilogy

Unfinished Cathedral, by T. S. Stribling. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS NOVEL, the final volume of Mr. Stribling's trilogy of the South, ought to have been a very good book. It possesses, in the picture it gives of life in the contemporary South, the quality of great authenticity. It also possesses the rarer quality of great courage. The author, having brought his story up to date, launches a frontal attack upon the prevailing Southern order—its abuses, its cruelties, its ignorance. Some of his statements, particularly those regarding the treatment of Negroes, eat like acid into the page. In his character of the Ku Klux leader he portrays as vicious a person as ever disgraced humanity, and in his examination of the efforts of a group of business men to have a gang of Negroes lynched by law instead of by violence (because the latter would harm a real-estate boom) there is withering, bitter satire. It is surprising, therefore, that instead of being a good book, as might logically be expected, "Unfinished Cathedral" is a poor one.

The reason for its failure lies primarily in the fact that it concludes Mr. Stribling's trilogy. In it he was faced with the problem of gathering up many loose ends, of resolving many things that had been happening since the Civil War. To do this he was forced to rely upon coincidence, accident and chance. These, of course, play an important part in human affairs—perhaps a more important part than is generally realized. But life, we are tempted to believe, is not composed of accident and chance entirely. And the book is.

Mr. Stribling, despite his modern reputation, is essentially an old-fashioned writer. (The term is used less in disparagement than in explanation of his method.) He is always deeply concerned with his plot, which must work out, as neatly and concisely as a problem in geometry. Each character has a carefully plotted reason for his existence. He is assigned a role and play that role he must—even if his motivations seem unreal and unlikely and his very presence in a situation the result of improbabilities that would be too much for the most sympathetic belief.

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repeat the trivial charge that he writes without skill. It is true, however, that his carelessness, his insufficient understanding of the function of words, amounts to a serious lack of talent. We hardly expect a serious author to write, for example—and in a moment of great excitement—that the intended victims of mob violence were hurried to safety "before anybody could say Jack Robinson."

With the publication of this book we now have the chance to examine Mr. Stribling's trilogy as a finished work. It may be said, briefly, that it is no more impressive as a whole than it is in its parts—sincere, courageous, thoughtful, interesting; but more of an accomplishment in literary mechanics than in artistic creation. HAMILTON BASSO.

Swatting Flies in Russia

Artists in Uniform, by Max Eastman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 271 pages. $2.50.

THERE is something the matter with this work of art. Max Eastman has set out to give some "Soviet ideas on literature," to recount some of the tragedies that have overtaken literary men in Russia. He explains the suicide of two gifted poets—explanations that any interne in psychiatry would hesitate to be quite so sure about. He explains why poor Boris Pilnyak wrote about Tadjikistan—and other "humiliations." He gives resolutions and dicta of extremist groups repudiated by the Russians themselves. He takes the pre-revolutionary artist-bohemians and shows the marks left by the straitjacket of the Stalinist whip-bureaucracy upon their tender flesh. He says: "These excited children (artists) came flocking to Moscow each with his solemn-sure idea of what the art and poetry of the new era was to be," and then shows how dreadfully they made other artists suffer for these ideas. It is, in Max's words, "a sad story of the regimentation of the creative spirit."

But what is sad is not the regimentation. No; there is something else the matter with this work of art. It makes the right people glad and it makes the left people furious, as the author evidently labored with delight to do. And, as was also planned for about five years, the joy and the rage aroused were misdirected by the artist for his own sweet sake; not art's. To him art seems to be a weapon. And the fault in this book of propaganda lies not in the thesis, not in the argument and not even in the facts. Most of these are only a little wrong, a teeny-weeny bit off the correct line; just enough to gather in the goats-got.

It is indisputable that in the course of the seventeen million years Brisbane says are ahead of us, the Bolshevik Revolution will prove to have been not the last. But what's the use of looking so far ahead? And it's a pretty safe proposition that the Hegelian philosophy is not the final philosophy of man. But a derivation from it seems to do very well for the present. As for the gentle flowers that the Russian system is plowing under as ours does hogs, a lyric poet out my way, quoting Trotsky against all Trotskyites, exclaims: "It's simply marvelous that people sensitive enough to be poets didn't explode—not commit suicide, but bust—in that terrific, magnificent birth-period."

No. This book, as books go, is all right enough. It is the author that's the matter. If the stuff in "Artists in Uniform" had been written by some poetic philosopher-critic as handsome and as humorous as, say, Max Eastman—our old pre-revolutionary Revolutionary—it might have been more—well, more scientific. He, our Max, would have reported what the Revolution did to some art, artists

the complete Change; and why; and whether we could not spare our part in the terror? We want to know that; Lenin once asked to know that. Some scientist will tell us that, some day. There was a time when Max Eastman might have told us.

But now, Russia revolutionized remains what the Great Liberal called it and fell for: it's the acid test of liberals. And it begins to look as if the present author of the book before us were one of that large party of revolutionary pilgrims to the great Revolution who were waiting at the station for a local—remember?—when that express went by, and not only did not stop for them, but threw dust and smoke all over them and their baggage. Their baggage! Maybe that's the matter with Max.

Let's examine our mad pilgrim's baggage and see if we can't find out what it was that made him think, when he arrived in the revolutionary heaven, that it was hell for "us poets." He got the stuff where we all got ours, so it's probably uniform and familiar to our Western culture. In one bag there are Justice and Democracy, in another there are the Truth and Right and Loyalty, Heroes and some Romance. The Soviet Russians have some truck like that, but it is mostly revolutionized or hand-made. Our idea of Justice is that it is something rare and precious to be done to great men, like Grant or Trotsky, who earned it by service to the nation. But our loyal fellow travelers were going into a strange country where the people have a funny, un-Western complex to the effect that Justice is to be done, first, to the prosaic, anonymous mob that matters more than Grant or Trotsky. In terms of Western baggage, we like, as a matter of justice, to make our great General Grant a bum President. And that's democracy, too. The rude Russians, being scared and new to democracy, seem to mix it up with a united front. They think that, no matter what happens to General Trotsky, the important thing for them is to hang together and not permit any mere heroes splitting them up. In our baggage is a sort of slogan: "First, be sure you're right, then go ahead." In Russia, where our conscientious pilgrim went, they prefer to go ahead and trust to getting right on the way. Very confusing. But, thinking this way about the Right and Justice, the Russian democracy avoids that idiocy of ours known as the Third Party; and, so far also, the Second Party. They really act, that immense mass of people, upon the scientific perception that whether it's with Stalin or Trotsky, they must all follow one leader, one party, one plan. Even if they admire Trotsky and hate Stalin's guts (as Eastman confessed he did), they must maintain that solid front. It seems to an old politician like this reviewer, that there is a scientific suggestion in that, not a point to stab Stalin with. If only our workers would banish their leaders, labor, political and financial, when they see that they are getting justice, power and wealth for themselves!

There are lots of flies on Russia. It's lousy. The Russians are covered with these pests, as we Westerners are eaten up by millionaires. And there is danger that they will get used to their lice as we are used to and patient with ours. They need fly-swatters over there, but though we mass-produce these handy weapons, we haven't many swatters of our own flies.

Fine old liberals like Max Eastman might better go to Russia to learn what the Russians can teach us, to the end that we may get out of our uniforms. We have to learn, for example, to see them and see, too, that art is a weapon. There is no perception in this book that artists in Egypt, Greece, Rome, in middle-age Europe and in the United States today had to and did put uniforms on their [illegible] and that they kept them on till the artists themselves came to like and hardly to notice it. In Hollywood, where a great new art is being molded to fit the purposes of our civilization, the friction throws off hundreds of stories more ridiculous and tyrannical than Max Eastman's citations from Russia. And Stalin did cast out the tyrants there; he did it, too, before our author had finished his exposure. That may have been annoying to the muckraker. But think how long it took us to correct our Anthony Comstocks and our Sumners. The artists in Russia, like everybody else, had to be in the service of a new and universally hopeful civilization, and it seems to me, a scientific reporter, that they are sacrificing (if they are) the writers and the painters and the musicians and the screen makers to the audience, to the "mob," to the democracy, just as they did Justice, Loyalty and Truth. Lest, for example, some capitalist writer might write beautifully a mean book to get some hateful guy's goat.

Maybe the audience is the thing.

LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Government by Consent

Crisis Government, by Lindsay Rogers. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 166 pages. $1.75.

PROFESSOR Rogers has written a short book on a great subject, but it is full of sound common sense. If it evades the more fundamental issues raised by the post-war period, it puts together, in a thoroughly sensible form, the lessons of that experience as they must impress most people who are not blinded by ignorant devotion to one or other of the new religious creeds. Particularly, it ought to be read by anyone who still believes that in any form of dictatorship there lies a short cut to political salvation.

The main tendency of all post-war governments, as Professor Rogers notes, is toward the strengthening of the executive power. That tendency may, as in Russia, Italy and Germany, take the form of a dictatorship; or it may, as with President Roosevelt, be still compatible with the essentials of a democratic system. What is the reason for the change? I am not certain of the answer Professor Rogers would give. He is less concerned with basic causes than with the restatement, against dictatorial methods, of the classic case for government by consent in the light of recent experience. I think he amply makes good that case. He shows convincingly that most of the merits claimed for dictatorship mistake association for causation or that, on careful analysis, they are either nonexistent or the dramatization of achievements characteristic of average efficient democracy. After the wild extravaganzas to which the professional eulogists of Mussolini and Hitler have accustomed us, Professor Rogers' sane realism is an enormous relief. His accuracy of insight, particularly into the recent experience of Great Britain, is in notable contrast to much of the febrile misrepresentation which has too often passed for knowledge.

It is quite certain that, in the next decade, governmental forms will have to undergo drastic and rapid adaptation to new necessities. The eagerness, after the War, to return to normal conditions, prevented men from realizing that such a return was in fact impossible. They tried to make the characteristic institutions of the negative state do the work of a state driven to positive action. In the defeated countries their failure meant the suspension of the processes of consent; economic breakdown combined with military

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racy requires if it is to endure. In the victor countries economic breakdown has made it increasingly difficult to deny the unreality of political democracy when it must function within the framework of autocracy in economic power. In those countries the conferring of greater power on the executive is an effort to obtain more rapid adjustment than the institutions of a negative state make possible. Whether that can be achieved without a fairly complete surrender of economic privilege is the great problem now in process of solution. Where the surrender does not occur, revolution, and hence dictatorship, appear inevitable. Where it proceeds rapidly enough to maintain a common unity of purpose in the society, dictatorship only injures the prospect of effective adaptation.

It is, I think, the essential lesson of Professor Rogers' reflections that the sooner political scientists get back to the discussion of first principles, the greater the service they will render to our time. It is good to read a book that goes straight to the central issues, even if its concern is with the superstructure rather than the foundations. Professor Rogers, frankly, is much more optimistic, especially about the Roosevelt policies, than I should dare to be; and I think he gravely underestimates the degree to which the governmental crisis is merely a reflection of the final incompatibility of capitalism and democracy. I should have liked, too, a more extended discussion of the relation of the expert to the politician, of the judicial function in a period like our own, and of those supplementary institutions in a representative system about which he whets, but does not satisfy, our appetite. But he has stated admirably many of the issues to which our thinking ought to be directed; and one may hope that his brief sketch is merely the prelude to that profounder analysis of which political theory stands in such grave need.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Gargoyles in Neon

Seven Gothic Tales, by Isak Dinesen. With an introduction by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

LEST I should forget to mention them later, the good qualities displayed in "Seven Gothic Tales" are roughly these. First, the author has thought their 400 pages of ramifications all out and set them all down, which is something. And she has drawn in the process upon an extensive knowledge of such feudal remnants as were still romantic and present in the Europe of the last century. There are sure to be in most of the stories some stretches of smooth, carrying prose, some passages of interest and amusement; and three of them ("The Supper at Elsinore," "The Roads Round Pisa," "The Dreamers") put you at times in direct touch with attitudes from life, a feel of surroundings, a certain nostalgia of mood. Beyond these, and such subsidiary attributes as restraint, dry wit and an aptitude for the grotesque, there is little. Whatever the author may be attempting, her final achievement is a fairy-tale content with a Thomas Mann exposition, folk legends done over in a heavy literary manner, and two-page anecdotes stretched out into fifty pages of quotes within quotes and I mind-me-of-when. A story like "The Monkey" does focus attention after the first thirty pages or so, being fantastic and occasionally swift with action. The trouble, here as elsewhere, is that fantasy dissipates itself by sheer force of words, while action dictates, instead of springing from [illegible] Glints of shrewdness light up the book's twisting of generalities about them, they are the pawns of coincidence. They mean little to the reader, and I cannot feel they meant much to the author, who pastes up a few labels concerning them—wealth, place, pure brows, starry eyes, "some sort of bitter and twisted smile"—and goes back to the thing called Gothic, which shows here as a sort of hybrid and endless mixture of gargoyles and neon lights. I guess I just don't appreciate Writing in a Tradition. I find the book in large part remote from human experience, precious, unilluminating, insecurely built and dull.

O. F.

Man at Arms

Bertrand of Brittany, by Roger Vercel. Translated by Marion Saunders, with an introduction by John M. S. Allison. New Haven: Yale University Press. 269 pages. $3.

THIS IS a popularized biography of one of the ugliest ducklings that ever became a swan. Bertrand du Guesclin was at once what Professor Allison calls him, "the last flare of the chivalric knight," and the greatest gang leader of a country in which chivalry degenerated into brigandage. The infamous Great Companies that flocked to his banners were so redoubtable a scourge that one of the greatest services Bertrand ever rendered France was in accepting a bribe to lead them to butcher each other on the far side of the Pyrenees. Yet, even apart from his military skill and the glamor of his monstrous ugliness, du Guesclin did have qualities of loyalty and generosity that made history and legend agree in ranking him as a hero worthy to stand with Richard Coeur-de-Lion and Roland. In the fourteenth century the distinction between knight and brigand was so vague that nobody noted any incongruity when, in spite of his obscure birth, this freebooter, already risen to three dukedoms and the empty title of King of Granada, was appointed to the highest post of honor and responsibility in France. His popularity with the common people was so great that his legendary boast that "every distaff in France would twirl to earn his ransom" was not entirely without foundation.

After threatening in its earlier chapters to become a romantic narrative, M. Vercel's book about Bertrand soon falls into its stride. The most annoying feature of the later chapters is the author's habit of quoting extensively from earlier writers without making any specific acknowledgment of the source. For the rest, the book is a readable compilation of biographical material adroitly pieced together against its historical background.

RAMON GUTHRIE.

Books in Brief

Memories of My Childhood, by Selma Lagerlöf. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 285 pages. $2.50.

THIS BOOK, a sequel to the author's "Marbacka," continues the tale of her girlhood on this manorial estate in Värmland. Written in the present tense, however, and from the point of view of a child without benefit of adult interpretation, it has a freshness and immediacy not usually found in such reminiscences. Through the child's eyes we see the life of this Swedish homestead in terms of the things that were important to her: her parents and her sister Anna, the pretty governess she loved, the duck pond on which she skated, the farm animals, the annual market fair. But equally real and important to the

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Berling" were things she had never seen; things preserved only in the legends of Old Sweden she heard from relatives and servants. Even in childhood she seems to have had a nostalgic feeling for the Sweden of these legends, a feeling that finds expression in the closing chapter of this book: "I close my eyes and seem to feel the earth tremble. One after another the great manorial estates are crumbling. . . . I begin to sense what it is that Mamma fears." M. G.

Character "Bad": The Story of a Conscientious Objector, as told in the letters of Harold Studley Gray. Edited by Kenneth Irving Brown. New York: Harper and Brothers. 267 pages. $2.

Young men who want to know what the next war may be like will be interested in this book, which consists of the letters of a Christian young man to his parents during the last war. Harold Gray spent sixteen months in England as a Y.M.C.A. secretary. Detailed to work in German prison camps, he learned from this experience such a bitter hatred of war and all its hideous consequences that when, upon his return, he was summoned to appear before the local draft board of Detroit, he wrote himself down a conscientious objector. There followed examinations, a period in the guardhouse of Fort Riley, a court-martial with a sentence of twenty-five years at hard labor, months at Fort Leavenworth, and a summer at Alcatraz prison, after which he was released through the efforts of his father. Gray thought of his hardships in religious terms, calling them "the Will of God"; his solutions to the evils of war are religious ones. C. B.

The Transportation Crisis, by G. Lloyd Wilson. New York: Sears Publishing Company. 343 pages. $2.50.

The author, a professor of Commerce and Transportation at the University of Pennsylvania, seeks to prove in his very factual and detailed volume that "the railroads of the United States are not obsolete." For him "the paramount problem" is "the formulation and enforcement of a public transportation policy which will do justice to the railroads, steamship lines, motor carriers and air-transport lines and, at the same time, conserve the public interest." Briefly, he would have public regulation without public ownership—a puzzle with which Coördinator Eastman is still grappling to doubtful purpose. Mr. Wilson presents a considerable body of facts on the equipment, operation, revenues and facilities of all types of transport in this country; we wish that in his concluding remarks he could also have given a resumé of the much discussed Prince Plan for railroad coördination. H. W.

So a Poor Ghost, by Edward Thompson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Philip Rattray left the Indian Educational Service before the War on account of Lauretta Graham. On his return after the War, on contract as adviser to a native prince, he finds her married to the British Resident, the impossible Colonel Kennedy. In the interval he has become a radical journalist, with an active, critical attitude toward British policy in India; and as such he makes the central peg for this story of British obstructionism, Indian bickerings and bureaucratic vested interests. Among the stock types of officialdom are to be found Drake, the all-seeing eye and running commentator, and General Fawcett-Fawcett, each good in his own way; and along with the usual scenes of staff life there occur descriptive passages of some beauty. A main theme, which, though slight, works out with the aid of fine sensitive prose into moderately interesting fiction. H. W.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, London correspondent of The New Republic, is staff contributor to The World Tomorrow and The New Leader and The Clarion (London). He is the author of "Rebel India," published in The New Republic Dollar Series.

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Ramon Guthrie, poet and novelist, is assistant professor of Romance Languages at Dartmouth College.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Martha Gruening, Carlton Brown, Harold Ward and Harry Wedeck.

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Utility Trust & Munition Profiteers

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